

THE SENATE AND THE TREATY in this Number

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

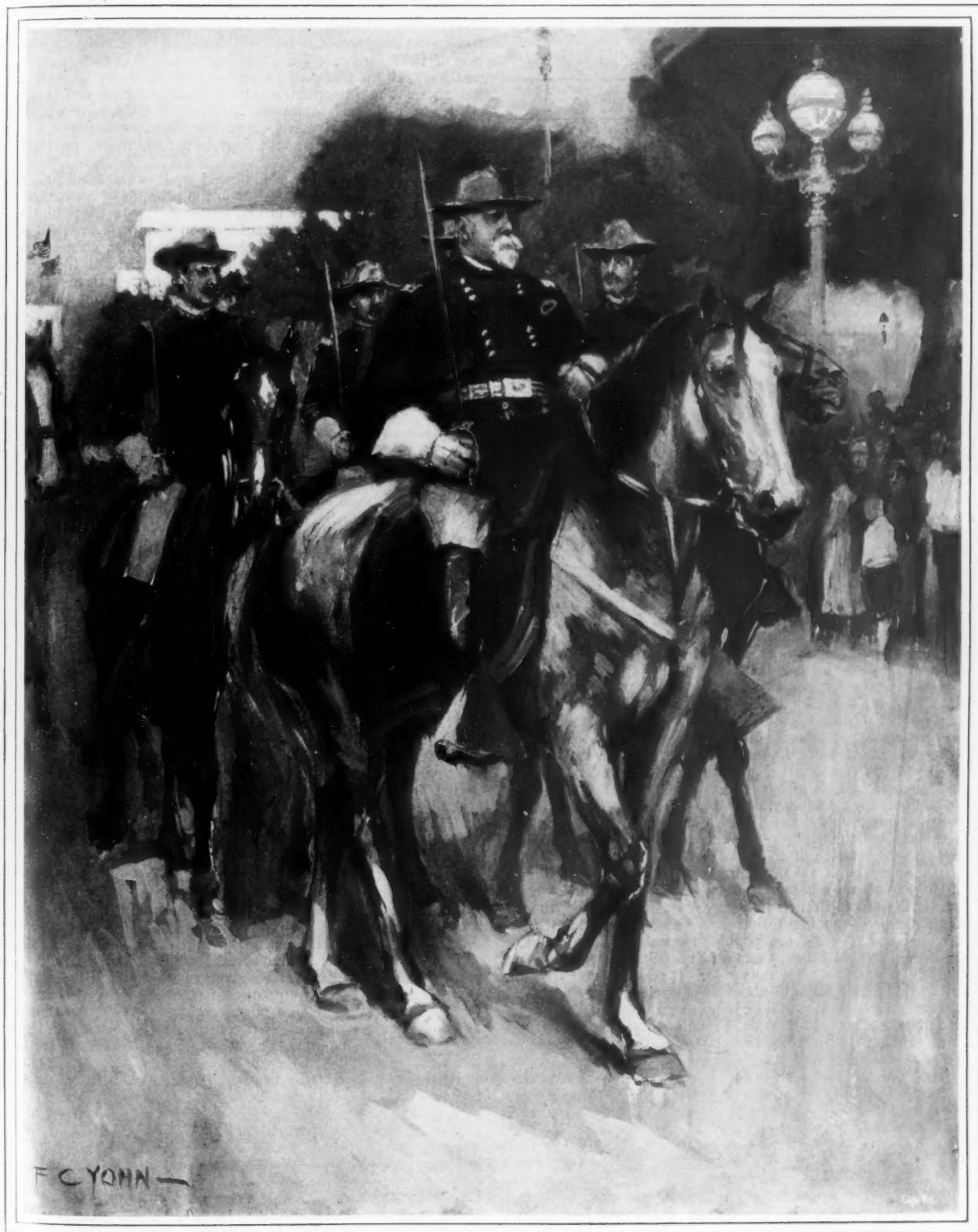
ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS

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VOL. TWENTY-TWO NO. 17

NEW YORK JANUARY 28 1899

PRICE TEN CENTS



RETURNING TO HAVANA

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE (LATE UNITED STATES CONSUL-GENERAL AT HAVANA) ENTERING THE CUBAN CAPITAL, JANUARY 1,
AT THE HEAD OF THE SEVENTH ARMY CORPS

DRAWN BY F. C. YOHNN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

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521-547 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET : : 518-524 WEST FOURTEENTH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

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NEW YORK JANUARY TWENTY-EIGHTH 1899

THE LATEST ASPECTS OF THE DREYFUS
AFFAIR

AT THE hour when we write, it is reported that the Court of Cassation is about to pronounce judgment in the Dreyfus case, and to declare that, while documents affecting the French army were communicated to the agents of a foreign power, it was not proved that Dreyfus was the criminal, and, consequently, the sentence passed upon him by the court-martial must be revoked. It remains to be seen whether the military authorities will submit to this decision, and convoke a new court-martial for the purpose of trying Dreyfus a second time. An attempt has been made to discredit the judgment in advance, and to pave the way for the overthrow of the present republican government by a military *coup d'état* in the interest, apparently, of the Napoleonic dynasty. The grounds on which M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire has resigned his judgeship in the Court of Cassation, and accused those who were lately his colleagues of partiality toward the accused, will seem to American readers extremely frivolous. The charges are that the members of the criminal section of the Court, which has undertaken the investigation of the affair, permitted themselves to address the witness Picquart as "Colonel," and allowed him to refresh himself during the examination with a glass of rum and water. These alleged offences having been brought to the knowledge of M. Lebreton, Minister of Justice, he instituted an inquiry, and learned that the title of Colonel was applied to Picquart even by the Generals who had caused his expulsion from the army, and that the refreshment complained of had been placed at the disposal of all the witnesses called before the Court. Under the circumstances, M. Lebreton naturally declined to censure the Judges, much less to withdraw the Dreyfus case from their jurisdiction. This refusal M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire made a pretext for his resignation, and he has been venting ever since, through the columns of the Paris newspapers, imputations of improbity against the bench on which he lately sat. That any considerable number of intelligent men would tolerate such assaults upon the character of a nation's highest court of appeal would seem incredible to American onlookers but for the fact that, on Thursday, January 12, in the Chamber of Deputies, no fewer than one hundred and twenty-four legislators favored the infliction of severe disciplinary measures upon the tribunal. Happily for the reputation of the Chamber, a great majority of the Deputies approved of the unwillingness evinced by the Minister of Justice to accept a baseless charge as an excuse for lowering the authority of the French judiciary. In this instance, the upholders of republican institutions had the good sense and firmness to avoid weakening the popular respect for the machinery of justice, although, fifteen years ago, they themselves furnished a deplorable precedent for doing so. It was in 1883 that the party then in power brought about a suspension for three months of the fundamental law making judges irremovable. It was asserted at the time that all of the French tribunals, with the exception of the Court of Cassation, were infested with Bonapartists and Orleanists, and that it was indispensable to enforce loyalty to the republic upon the judicial as well as the executive and legislative branches of the government. There were then some far-sighted Republicans who predicted that the application of a political purge to the judiciary would, one day, be repeated to the confusion of the inventors. There is, indeed, but little doubt that the substitution of the Empire for the Republic would be followed by a sweeping expulsion of Republicans from the bench. Were Boulanger now living, he would have an opportunity of making himself dictator. Had the anti-Dreyfusards possessed a resolute military chief, or even a highly popular civilian leader, it is probable that the *coup d'état*, for which preparations had been made, would have been carried out last October, in order to avert the proposed revision of the Dreyfus affair by the Court of Cassation.

CAN THE ANTI-EXPANSIONISTS DEFEAT
THE TREATY?

SINCE the treaty of peace with Spain was submitted to the Senate, the discussions in that body indicate that many of the Democratic members, and some of the Republicans, will vote against the confirmation of that instrument, unless it be supplemented with a self-denying ordinance unacceptable to the majority. Whether the opponents of the treaty will number thirty-one, the number needed to defeat confirmation, remains to be seen. It is not improbable that some of the Senators, who object to a retention of the Philippines, may in the end prove willing to postpone that question, and, meanwhile, to assent to a ratification of the treaty, in view of the legal consequences which would follow a rejection of it. The fact ought not to be overlooked that, should the Senate refuse to confirm the treaty in the form given to it by the joint commission, we should at once revert to the position created by the protocol, which, it must be remembered, can be denounced at any hour by either of the parties. Those Senators, therefore, who desire that no further steps should be taken toward the occupation of the Philippines, would defeat their purpose by causing the rejection of the treaty, for the President would thus be left in possession of all his war powers, and at perfect liberty to carry out the annexation programme. It is because Mr. Bryan is sufficiently keen-sighted to foresee this result of opposition to confirmation that he advises Democratic Senators to vote for the treaty, reserving for the next Congress the solution of the Philippine problem.

The arguments thus far advanced against the ratification of the treaty have all been based upon the grounds of constitutionality and expediency. It is unquestionably true that the Constitution does not expressly confer upon Congress the power to acquire transmarine dependencies to be ruled as subject colonies, to the inhabitants of which are not conceded the rights and franchises given by the Constitution to citizens of the United States. On the other hand, it is certain that the Constitution delegates to Congress the war-making power, and the right to acquire colonies seems to be an inseparable adjunct of that power. For, if Congress has the right to go to war, it must also have the right to reimburse itself for the outlay incurred therein by imposing a fine or penalty on the defeated enemy. That penalty may take the form of a pecuniary indemnity or that of a cession of territory. Obviously, where the enemy is poor, the reparation exacted must needs take the latter form. To assert that we cannot punish an assailant by compelling it to surrender territory, lest we have to give the inhabitants thereof all the rights of American citizens, is to say that the war-power conferred on Congress by the Constitution is a qualified, mutilated and abortive power.

Senator Hoar, one of the most earnest opponents of the acquisition of the Philippines, admits, for his part, that Congress has the power to acquire a transmarine dependency like Hawaii, for example, and to rule it as a subject colony. He insists, however, that the power cannot be exercised, except for the purpose of furthering one of the enumerated purposes for which the Constitution was established. One of these purposes is to "promote the general welfare," and we are thus brought to the question of expediency. Would the acquisition of the Philippines promote the general welfare of the United States? There are those who aver that the commerce of the Philippines, measured by the latest statistics, would prove of but insignificant value to the United States, and that the subjugation of the insurgents under Aguinaldo and the subsequent maintenance of peace and order would involve an expenditure that no revenue to be expected from the islands would defray. It is unreasonable to assume that the trade with the Philippines would be no greater under the just rule of the United States than it was under Spanish maladministration. The value of the trade of Java was but trivial a century ago, compared to the dimensions which it has since acquired through the adoption of an equitable mode of government. The combined export and import trade of the Dutch East Indies in 1887 was about one hundred and forty million dollars; there is no reason why the trade of the Philippines under American control should not acquire equal proportions a few decades hence. Another source of gain, which is often lost sight of, is the stimulus that would be given to our coasting marine by the annexation of the Philippines. One of the strong arguments for annexing the Hawaiian archipelago was the importance of keeping the carrying trade between those islands and San Francisco under the American flag. The moment the Philippines are annexed, American vessels will monopolize all the inter-insular trade, as well as the transportation of commodities between those islands and American seaports.

It is not, however, the prospective commercial value of Philippine commerce to which attention should be confined, for, after all, the great prizes of the Far East are the commercial and industrial opportunities which will be offered when the vast interior of China is opened up by railways. To secure our share of those opportunities, we must speak with authority, and that authority would be greatly enhanced by the strategical advantages resulting from the possession of the Philippines. For the various reasons here set forth, it seems unreasonable to say that the acquisition of the Philippine archipelago cannot be thoroughly justified on grounds of expediency, or that, in other words, it would fail to "promote the general welfare" of the United States.



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS (REP.) MINN.



HENRY C. LODGE (REP.) MASS.



GEORGE GRAY (DEM.) DEL.



JOSEPH B. FORAKER (REP.) O.

THE SENATE ON THE TREATY

DESIRING to offer the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY a fair reflection of intelligent opinion, from all portions of the country, regarding the treaty recently framed at Paris by the American and Spanish members of the Peace Commission, and also regarding the retention of the Philippines, we have specially questioned many members of the Senate, whose replies, in full, are herewith published under their own names.

This statement is authoritative as to the position of the administration: the President has not up to this time determined upon a fixed policy with reference to the government of the Philippine Islands. He proposes to send a Commission to Manila to confer with Aguinaldo and his followers, and to put into effect any local reforms which may be considered immediately necessary and to make suggestions to him as to the character of future government with which the Archipelago should be provided. Before the President can take any decisive action, he desires to see the resumption of peaceful conditions, and this cannot occur until the treaty of peace is ratified. The President believes that for the Senate to ratify promptly the treaty would be to the great benefit of this country, for such action would deprive the Filipinos of the straw at which they are grasping—namely, their hope that the opposition to the annexation of the Islands is so great in the United States that the treaty will not be favorably acted upon. The speeches of the anti-expansionists are cabled to Manila and serve to keep the natives in an excited condition. The President has directed that a conflict be avoided at all hazards, and in the meantime Rear-Admiral Dewey and General Otis are using their utmost endeavor to impress upon the Filipinos the kindly purpose of this government. The President has never stated that he favors the annexation of the Philippines; and all may be sure that he does not contemplate such a result without the assent, if not the consent, of the people thereof.—[THE EDITOR.]

SENATOR DAVIS (Republican), of Minnesota, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and a member of the Peace Commission:

"Our first duty is to restore peace by the ratification of the treaty. In the meantime, I am in favor of the establishment of a military form of government in the Philippines such as we are now endeavoring to establish in Cuba. As to the details of such government, I am not now at liberty to speak. I do not believe the President or any one of his friends is prepared at this moment to commit himself to any fixed line of policy for the future government of those islands. There are many circumstances connected with the Philippines of which we have as yet but a vague idea, and it would be unwise for us to say before we have fully investi-

gated the subject that the Filipinos are capable of setting up and maintaining a stable form of government without any assistance from the United States. It is probable that before any definite action is taken by the United States, a commission will be sent to the Philippines to inquire into the political, religious, and social qualifications of the people who are now demanding that they be recognized as an independent republic. Such a commission will, in my judgment, materially aid us in reaching a conclusion that will be satisfactory to the people of the islands, and in accordance with the best interests of the United States."

SENATOR GRAY (Democrat), of Delaware, the only Democratic member of the Peace Commission, and a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

"I believe the best interests of our government demand that the treaty be ratified with as little delay as possible. As to the future form of government to be established in the Philippines I am willing to be governed by the decision of the Congress of the United States after it is in possession of all the information which was presented to the Peace Commissioners in Paris and such information as may be obtained when we come to consider the question of governing the Philippines. I am not an expansionist to the extent that I favor the annexation of the Philippines to the United States. On the contrary, I cannot convince myself that it would be wise or advantageous to acquire that far-off territory and make it a part of the United States. I violate no confidence in saying that more than one of my colleagues on the Peace Commission originally doubted the advisability of taking possession of the archipelago. Circumstances, however, arose which rendered it necessary that we should assume control. Whether that control is to be permanent or temporary, the future will have to determine. The United States has discovered that the war with Spain devolved upon us unlooked-for responsibilities, and we must meet them with the same patriotic devotion we displayed when we rallied to the declaration of war against Spain. My impression is that we will create a military form of government in the Philippines, with the ultimate intention of recognizing the independence of those people if they are able to convince us that they are capable of self-government."

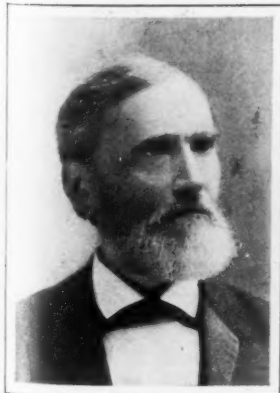
SENATOR FRYE (Republican), of Maine, a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations and of the Peace Commission:

"I am in favor of the prompt ratification of the treaty and the establishment of a military form of government in the Philippines until Congress shall determine whether the United States shall permanently annex that territory or turn it over to the Filipinos to enable them to prove their capacity and ability for self-government. From

the information I have obtained I am convinced that the so-called Filipinos, under the leadership of Aguinaldo, are no better qualified for self-government than are the Cubans who followed the standard of General Gomez. Our experience in Cuba with the insurgents has taught us a lesson which we cannot afford to disregard, and I should be very careful in outlining any policy for the government of the Philippines which contemplates independence and absolute control of those islands by Aguinaldo and his followers. The Philippine question was thrust upon us as one of the unexpected and unlooked-for results of the war with Spain, and we cannot, as a nation, afford to shirk responsibilities which come to us in consequence of Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila Bay. For the present, I am in favor of the United States taking absolute control in those islands and holding them until ample opportunity has been afforded for Congress to determine what course shall be pursued. I am more interested in the ratification of the treaty than I am in attempting to define the future form of government to be established in the Philippines."

SENATOR LODGE (Republican), of Massachusetts, a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

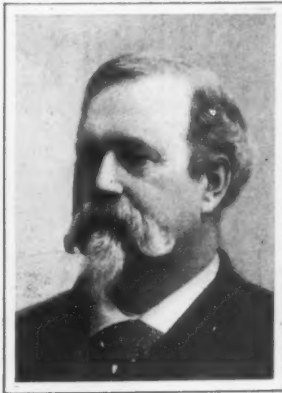
"I have not heard my colleagues or any of the anti-expansionists in the Senate advance any good and practical reason why the treaty should not be ratified at once. Those gentlemen who are posing before the country as opponents of the treaty have confined themselves to vague and wondering discussions as to the power of the United States to acquire foreign territory. I cannot conceive how they can justify their course in attempting to defeat the treaty. If they should be successful, which I do not think is possible or probable, they will simply stand before the country as advocates of a resumption of hostilities between the United States and Spain. I am for the ratification of the treaty with as little delay as possible and restoration of a condition of peace. When that is accomplished there will be ample time to take up and consider what we shall do about the government of the Philippines. Unless I am very much mistaken, the President desires to confer with Congress to the fullest extent before agreeing upon any fixed line of policy in those islands, so that there is no danger of the exercise of any arbitrary power by the President concerning the government of the Philippines after the treaty shall have been ratified. There are several lines of policy we might adopt. In the first place, if we conclude that we do not want the islands and do not care to occupy them, either temporarily or permanently, we can turn them back to Spain. I do not believe the American people would sanction such a course. Then, again, if we simply want to speculate, we might dispose of them to other nations, or establish a joint ownership of the new territory."



DAVID TURPIE (DEM.) IND.



JOHN W. DANIEL (DEM.) VA.



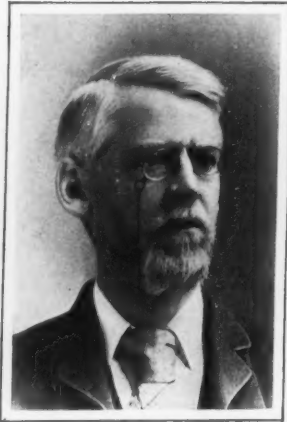
JOSEPH R. HAWLEY (REP.) CONN.



JAMES SMITH, JR. (DEM.) N. J.



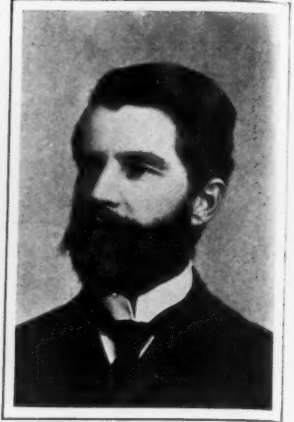
GEORGE F. HOAR (REP.) MASS.



WILLIAM E. CHANDLER (REP.) N. H.



WILLIAM B. ALLISON (REP.) IA.



MARION BUTLER (POP.) N. C.

My impression is that such a proposition would be equally as unpopular with our people as would be the return of the islands to Spanish sovereignty. The third road open to us would be the recognition of the independence of the Filipinos. There are grave doubts in my mind as to the wisdom of such a move. I have yet to be convinced that the Filipinos are capable of self-government, and, under the circumstances, I prefer to go slow in committing this government to such a policy. In the absence of any conclusive information on the subject, I am in favor of the United States taking control of the Philippines and holding them, under a military form of government, until Congress is given ample time to seriously and deliberately consider what form of government will best serve the interests of the American people."

SENATOR FORAKER (Republican), of Ohio, a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

"I favor the prompt ratification of the pending treaty, and am willing to await further developments before committing this government to any permanent line of policy in the Philippines. My judgment is that we shall probably deal with the Philippines as we propose to deal with Cuba. We had no idea that we should have the Philippines on our hands when we went to war with Spain, but, as a result of the war, we are confronted with a difficult problem, and I am satisfied that we will meet the question fairly, patriotically, and successfully. I am satisfied in my own mind that it is the intention of the Administration to adopt such a line of policy that will lead to the ultimate independence of the Filipinos. It seems to me that it would be practical to create a military form of government there and leave the future to determine whether we should take permanent control of the islands or establish a provisional form of government to be administered by the natives to test their capacity and ability for maintaining their independence. We have ample authority under the Constitution to take those islands and do with them as we please, and should it be deemed advisable to annex them to the United States after due deliberation, I would cordially approve such a policy."

SENATOR MORGAN (Democrat), of Alabama, a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

"I am in favor of the ratification of the treaty because I think it is right. We have had enough of war; we were successful, and the country is anxious to return to a peace basis. There is no politics in the question. The war with Spain cannot be made a political question, and the men who endeavor to drag in petty politics will find that they will lack the support of the majority of the thinking people of the United States. As far as I am advised, I do not believe the President and his immediate followers have adopted any fixed line of policy for the government of the Philippines. I am confident that the President has no intention of turning those

islands back to Spain. I am equally positive that he does not contemplate joint ownership with England and Germany. My own judgment is that as soon as the treaty is ratified a military form of government will be established there by the United States with the intention of recognizing the independence of the natives if they, within a reasonable period, demonstrate their qualifications for self-government. I am in favor of such a course provided it is made perfectly clear that the people of those islands are prepared to set up a united and stable form of government free from inclination to break out in revolution annually or semi-annually, as it is said they are apt to do. The problem is somewhat different from that presented in Cuba, and, therefore, Congress should proceed cautiously before committing the United States to any permanent policy in those islands."

SENATOR DANIEL (Democrat), of Virginia, a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations:

"I am against the policy of expansion to the extent of permanent occupation of the Philippines by the United States. We do not want additional territory; had enough to go ten thousand miles from home to acquire it. I was not present in committee when the treaty was reported to the Senate, as I was absent in Cuba, paying a visit to my son, who is in the army. I am surprised to find such a radical change of sentiment here in the Senate with regard to the Philippines. When I went away it seemed as though there was not a handful of Senators in opposition. Upon my return I find a large number of Senators ready to vote against the ratification of the treaty unless we amend it so as to make it clear to the world that we will not annex those islands. I would be in favor of adopting the same plan in the Philippines that we are adopting in Cuba. In my judgment we do not want the territory of either Cuba or the Philippines, for I do not believe our people can live and thrive in either place."

SENATOR PLATT (Republican), Connecticut:

"I am in favor of establishing a military form of government in the Philippines until next December. In the meantime the President can ascertain something definite concerning the qualifications of the Filipinos for self-government. At present we are in total ignorance as to their religious, moral, and intellectual habits and customs, and under the circumstances we would not be justified in recognizing their independence until we have assurances of their ability to govern themselves."

"It is what some of the newspapers call rot," added Senator Platt, "for certain Senators to stand up in the Senate and declare that the United States Government has no power to acquire foreign territory until we obtain the consent of the inhabitants of the territory in question. All the additional territory we have thus far acquired—in Louisiana, Florida, and Alaska—was

taken into the Union without the consent of the people directly interested. If gentlemen would read the history of their country they would not make such ridiculous assertions. I realize that we are confronted by an unexpected condition of affairs, brought about as a result of the war. My position is to go ahead and ratify the treaty, without modification or alteration, and establish a military form of government for the present, with the expectation of ultimate independence if the people are capable of governing themselves."

SENATOR MASON (Republican), of Illinois:

"I am deeply in earnest in this matter, as I endeavored to show in my speech the other day, and I do not propose to let the treaty come to a vote until my resolution has been voted on by the Senate. I am opposed to the treaty in its present form, for I do not believe our people want this Government to take absolute control of the Philippines without the consent of the natives of those islands. Their liberty is just as sacred to them as American liberty is to our people. We do not crave the power to make laws for people ten thousand miles away, whom we never saw. I would like to know who seeks to go there as a governor. If the treaty is ratified I would like to know the name of the man in the Senate who wants to go, covered with the tinsels, the gewgaws, and flubdubs of sovereignty that come from royalty, and have the natives receive him and keep the flies off of his sacred person while he listens to the voice of the interpreter. That is not my idea of American liberty, and I would like to deal out to those people the same independence our fathers gave us."

SENATOR GORMAN (Democrat), of Maryland:

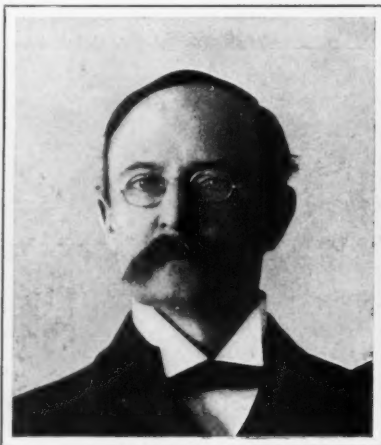
"I am opposed to the treaty in its present form. If we propose to provide for the ultimate independence of the Philippines, we should not hesitate to amend the treaty and make that fact perfectly plain. After the treaty is once ratified it stands as a part of the law of the land. Experience has taught us how difficult it is to modify or abrogate a treaty after it is once ratified. If the friends of the treaty are honest in declaring that they are not seeking to acquire territory in that far-off country, they should have the courage to say so in the treaty. We know that Spain does not expect to regain sovereignty in the Philippines any more than she expects to regain sovereignty in Cuba. My idea is to place the Philippines in the same category with Cuba, and so stipulate it in the treaty, so there may be no question about the policy we intend to pursue in the future in our relations with those islands."

SENATOR ALLEN (Populist), of Nebraska:

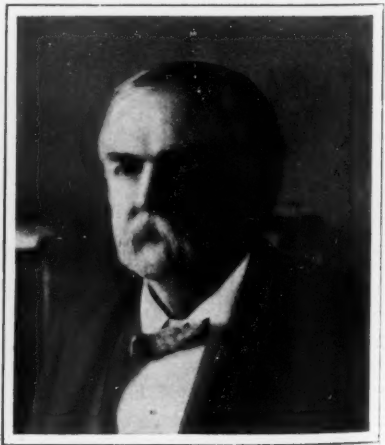
"I am in favor of granting independence to the Filipinos, when they convince the world that they are capable of self-government. In the meantime, I am in favor of establishing a military form of government by the United States, until Congress can carefully con-



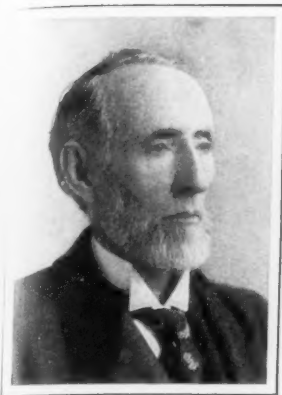
BENJ. R. TILLMAN (DEM.) S. C.



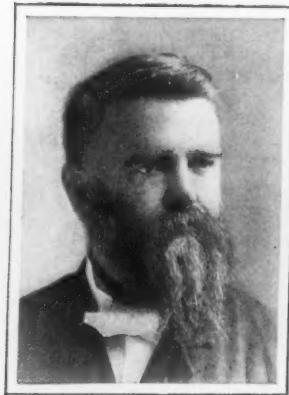
JOHN M. THURSTON (REP.) NEB.



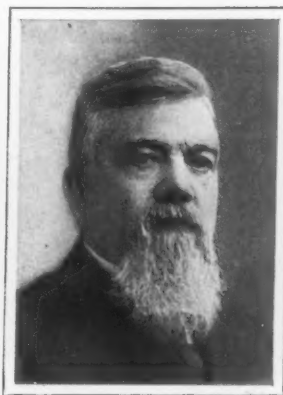
GEORGE G. VEST (DEM.) MO.



SHELBY M. CULLOM (REP.) ILL.



STEPHEN M. WHITE (DEM.) CAL.



DONELSON CAFFERY (DEM.) LA.



WILLIAM P. FRYE (REP.) ME.

sider all the conditions in those islands and formulate the best plan to be adopted there. I do not agree with all that has been said by the opponents of expansion, for I appreciate the fact that the Philippine problem comes upon us unexpectedly, as one of the results of the war with Spain. It is not fair to quote precedents to govern our actions in this case, as the circumstances and conditions are unlike any which have previously confronted us as a nation."

SENATOR HALE (Republican), of Maine:

"I am opposed to the policy of expansion, as proposed by the treaty. I have no form of government to suggest for the people of the Philippines. I was opposed to the war with Spain, originally, and I cannot believe we entered upon that war in a spirit of conquest. We have been told that we went to war, not to acquire territory, but to liberate a suffering people from the cruel bondage of Spain. If we are to give the Cubans their independence, we should deal with the people of the Philippines in a similar manner."

SENATOR CAFFERY (Democrat), of Louisiana:

"I am opposed to the ratification of the treaty, and I do not believe it will be ratified unless it is amended, or unless the friends of the treaty consent to the adoption of a resolution declaring that we do not intend to annex the Philippine Islands. My position is that we do not want the islands, in the first place, and, besides, we have no power to take possession of them without the consent of the people, and put over them a form of government which they are not willing to recognize or accept. We are not bound to take the islands because the treaty provides for the payment to Spain of twenty million dollars for the relinquishment of sovereignty. I would make the Filipinos become responsible to Spain for that sum of money in return for their independent control of all the disputed territory in the Philippines. Such a transfer of responsibility could be accomplished without embarrassment to the United States, or without any sacrifice of dignity on our part in the eyes of the enlightened nations of the earth, notwithstanding the claim to the contrary made by some of the most vigorous advocates of the expansion policy."

SENATOR PRITCHARD (Republican), of North Carolina:

"I shall vote for the treaty, because I am convinced that it is the right thing to do under the circumstances. We all know that when the war with Spain commenced we had no idea that the Philippines would become involved. We are now confronted with an unlooked-for condition of affairs, and I am in favor of supporting the policy of the Administration, by taking possession of those islands and holding them until we determine to dispose of them to our own advantage. I have no sympathy with the demand that we recognize the independence of the Filipinos, under the leadership of Aguinaldo. Our experience with the Cuban insurgents should teach us a lesson of dealing cautiously with these people, who are demanding that they be recog-

nized as an independent republic. Suppose we had recognized the independence of the Gomez crowd in Cuba, what would have been the result, judging from subsequent developments? I have no faith in Aguinaldo. He came back to the Philippines as an ally of the United States; now he demands his independence or threatens to make war upon our government. I am not certain what form of government we should establish there, but I am in favor of setting up a military government and sustaining it until Congress has an opportunity to carefully investigate the conditions and come to some definite conclusion as to what disposition we shall make of the islands."

SENATOR PERKINS (Republican), of California:

"I am opposed to the ratification of the treaty because I am not prepared to accept the expansion doctrine, as laid down by many of the friends of the pending treaty. I intended to vote against the ratification of the treaty, until I was instructed to do otherwise by the Legislature of my State. As a representative of the State of California, I am bound to follow the instructions of the Legislature on such a question or resign my seat in the Senate. I shall explain my position fully before I cast my vote for the treaty. In my opinion we do not want the Philippines annexed to the United States, yet I am convinced that such is the present intention of the friends of the treaty. We cannot annex those islands without accepting their inhabitants as citizens. We of the Pacific Coast have been struggling for many years to prevent the immigration of the Chinese, yet we now propose by the pending treaty to admit several millions of people, some of whom are even more degraded, socially and morally, than the worst type of Chinese laborer. I contend that the strength of our Government and the stability of our institutions are principally due to the fact that we are all together on the same continent and have thus far kept out of entangling alliances in the Far East. I would prefer that the Filipinos be given their independence and let them work out their own salvation if they can. We are not expected to wander over the face of the globe and dispense charity to every little band of people who are seeking to establish an independent form of government."

SENATOR TILLMAN (Democrat), of South Carolina:

"I am opposed to the pending treaty and I shall vote to defeat its ratification unless it is amended to prevent the 'Land-Grabbers' in this country, who are trying to force an undesirable group of islands on to this Government, in violation of all precedents. When the friends of expansion tell me that they want to annex the Philippines simply for the purpose of benefiting mankind and for humanitarian purposes, I tell them, in the language of General Egan, that they lie. They are looking for new fields for speculation, and they do not care how much the people of this country are burdened with taxation, providing these 'Land-Grabbers' have the control of the various syndicates which are now being

formed in anticipation of a rich harvest in the Philippines. No, sir, I am against annexation of those islands. I do not believe we want the people of those islands to become citizens of the United States. We are constantly putting laws on our statute books to restrict immigration, yet we propose to take into our national family about seven millions of mongrels, some of whom are worse than the lowest type of negro we have to deal with in this country. I am in favor of recognizing the independence of the Filipinos, and withdrawing our forces from those islands without delay. If Spain wants twenty million dollars for a quit claim on that territory let her get it if she can from the Filipinos."

SENATOR MILLS (Democrat), of Texas, member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is opposed to the treaty, but his opposition does not take a very vigorous form. He is not an advocate of the resumption of hostilities, but would prefer to see the treaty amended so as to prevent the Government of the United States from committing itself to a policy which will lead to the permanent occupation of the archipelago. Senator Mills declines to be quoted as to the future government in the Philippines, but it is understood that he would prefer to see an independent form of government established by the natives, without the United States incurring any of the expense or responsibility attaching thereto. He took no part in the proceedings while the treaty was under consideration in committee, and it is doubtful whether he will actively participate in the debate in executive session. His senatorial career terminates with the present Congress.

SENATOR VEST (Democrat), of Missouri, who introduced the resolution declaring that "there is no power under the Constitution to acquire territory to be held and governed permanently as colonies," said in the course of his speech supporting the resolution:

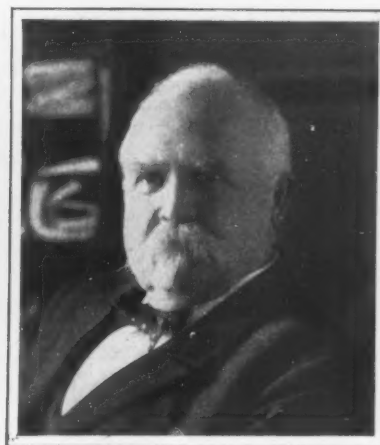
"We are told that this country can do anything, Constitution or no Constitution. We are a great people—great in war, great in peace—but we are not greater than the people who once conquered the world, not with long-range guns and steel-clad ships, but with the short swords of the Roman legion and the wooden galleys which sailed across the Adriatic. The colonial system destroyed all hope of republicanism in the old time. It is an appendage of monarchy. It can exist in no free country, because it uproots and eliminates the basis of all republican institutions—that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed. I know not what may be done, with the glamour of foreign conquest and the greed of the commercial and money-making classes of this country. For myself, I would rather quit public life this minute—nay, I would be willing to risk life itself—rather than give my consent to this fantastic and wicked attempt to revolutionize our Government and to substitute the principles of our hereditary enemy for the teachings of Washington and his associates."



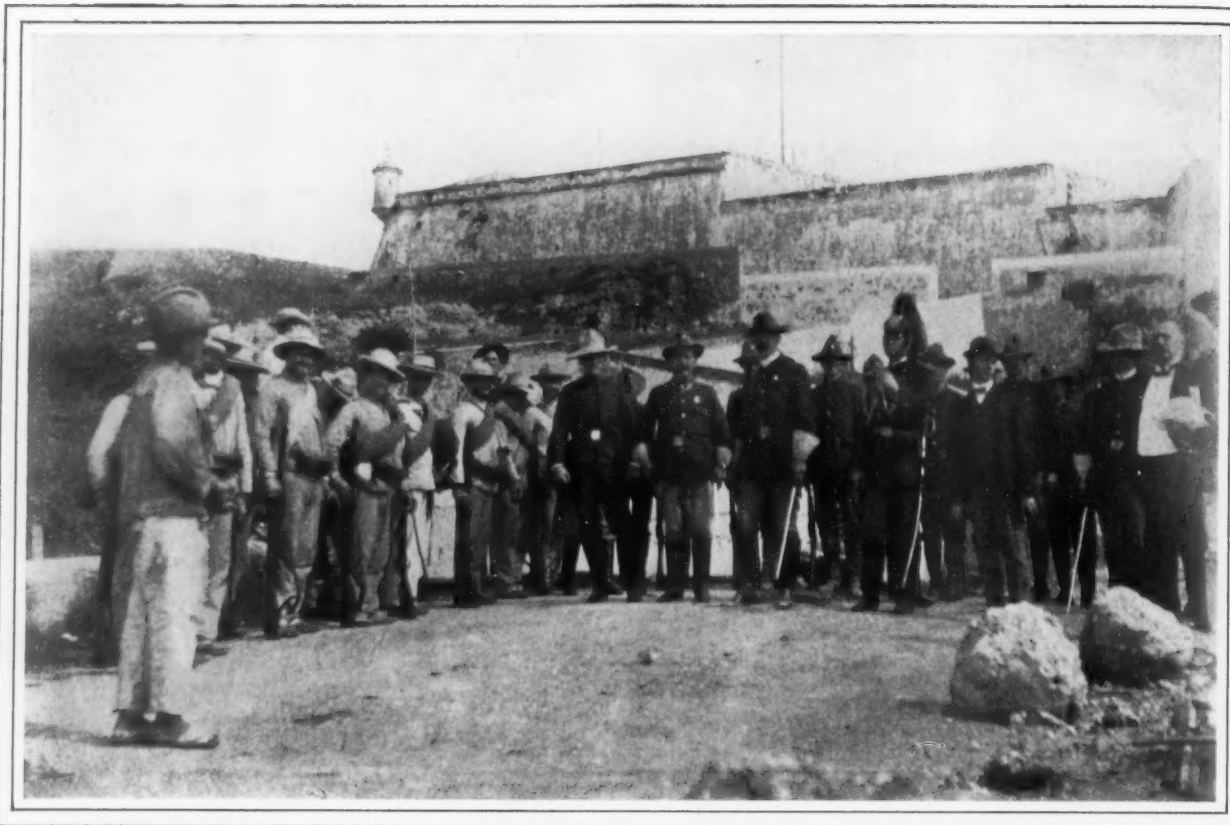
JOHN T. MORGAN (DEM.) ALA.



WILLIAM E. MASON (REP.) ILL.



ROGER Q. MILLS (DEM.) TEX.



Photograph by Ethel Emerson, Jr.

THE OCCUPATION OF CUBA

SCENE AT THE BASE OF MORRO CASTLE A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE AMERICAN FLAG WAS RAISED. SPANISH TROOPS IN LIGHT UNIFORMS AND MARCHING ORDER



OUR NOTE-BOOK



THE BERLINESE "KLEINE ZEITUNG" has been going about asking the following question: What is the most important event of the nineteenth century? Right off the majority of its readers answered: Bismarck's founding of the German Empire. But the majority is always wrong. Bismarck did not found the German Empire. He refounded it. The founding was done by Charlemagne. However, it is not our place to teach these people their own history. Others answered: Darwin's theory of the descent of man. But these, too, are in error. The theory attributed to Darwin was originated by Lamarck, who was a Berliner. However, as we said before, etc., etc. The choice of the minority was divided up into votes for anaesthetics, bacteriology and spectral analysis. An old subscriber picked out the Tsar's Rescript. A constant reader selected Zola's initiative. A group of ladies indicated the New Woman. A political club declared for Socialism. A professor was unable to see anything approaching the Kaiser's pilgrimage to Jerusalem. A literary gentleman was equally blind to anything beyond Goethe's Faust, except his contempt for those who did not agree with him. That is all, and it is all rather Teuton. The question, therefore, remains and with it the conundrum. For a conundrum it certainly is, one of which the solution must depend on individual taste and temperament. Before we enjoyed the opportunity of examining the replies we should have said that the most important event of the present century was the increasing liveliness of its wit and humor, but in view of these gems we pause. Perhaps, then, if we are to attempt any answer we shall be quite safe in saying that its most important event was its birth.

THE "LONDON DAILY NEWS," a journal published in the interest of archaeological research, announces that the week before last, in the forum of Rome, to the east of the Rostra Julia, was found the tomb of Romulus. The "Daily News" remarks that this is a wonderful discovery. We should say so. Last year about this time, or, more exactly, about the 1st of April, announcement was made by the Director-general of the Egyptian Excavations that he had found the tomb of Osiris. He did not stop there, either. He found the tomb of Isis. Coincidentally, we learned that the jewel-case of the Buddha had been unearthed. Subsequently that Prometheus had been quarried. Now comes Romulus. So much the better. The more the merrier. But his tomb is insufficient. We need the sword of Odin, the thunderbolt of Jupiter Latialis, and Brahma's lotus of azure and gold. Scientists should see to it that after having depopulated the heavens they restore to earth that which never was here. There is now no good and valid reason why the

entire galaxy of gods and goddesses should not enchant the world once more. Let some one urge Aphrodite to descend from her high place in Paphos. It would be nice to see her again. Let Phœbus, too, be urged to come down from Parnassus. It would be pleasant, also, to have him around. That failing, if some of the gentlemen who are busy in finding things before they are lost will excavate the divine afflatus, they need not bother any more at reorganizing an Olympian fancy ball. They are fancy enough themselves. The tomb of Romulus is indeed a wonderful discovery. But a tomb presupposes a corpse, a corpse presupposes death, and death presupposes life. This is only the fourth or fifth time that it has presupposed an abstraction. There are plenty of tombs everywhere. The "Daily News" is entirely free to discover any and all of them, and equally free to discover one in particular and call it the tomb of Romulus. A discovery of the she-wolf, especially in a mummified condition, would perhaps indicate greater enterprise. But let us not be captious. The "News" adds that the tomb is marked by the celebrated Niger Lapis, which it immediately translates into Black Stone. That reading could be improved. Green is better.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINE opened with the usual luxury of literary promise. It was the same thing last year. In the twelvemonth that has gone thousands and thousands of books have been published, puffed, and pushed. Authors have never been more abundant, seldom more fecund, rarely more brilliant. Those who have not cared to be luminous have taken it out in being voluminous. In the "Herald" recently a statistician computed the length of their copy. The number of words which one gentleman had produced would, it was estimated, elongate into three miles, those of another into six, of a third into nine, and so on, until through sheer wonder imagination wearied and the mind refused to act. A monster was even mentioned in connection with ten-acre lots. And though just for that we could have taken the statistician to our heart, yet writing as we do has taught us not to believe everything which we read. We might add that it has taught us to read as little as we can help, but we must not discourage our betters. Besides, the point is, that of all these rough writers there does not appear to be any one anywhere for whose utterances the world really and earnestly sighs. It may, of course, but we have not heard it. This phenomenon may be superinduced by a variety of causes, but mainly, we fancy, because there are to-day more people who write than who read. However things may be conducted on politer spheres, earthly authors do not sit up all night and brood over the beauties of each other's works. For that matter, there are precious few beauties to brood over. In France there is nothing but Dreyfus. Beneath the aurora Ibsen's light has got rather dim. In Russia Tolstoi has talked himself out—more's the pity—and Dostoevsky is dead and buried. From Poland and Hungary echoes have come and gone. Neither Germany nor Italy produced a masterpiece last year, and while the same may be said of this country and of England, it may be said,

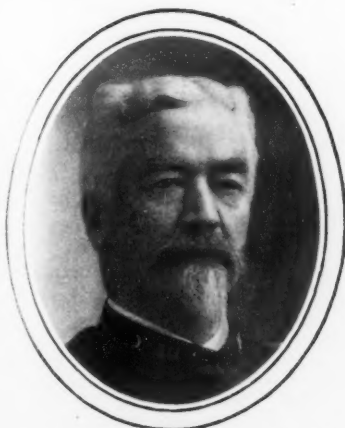
too, that this is the end of the century. It may be said, also, that in 1799 conditions were not dissimilar. Then presently a crop of giants appeared. In the Valhalla of the bookshelves they are upright still. We are ready for others, but they are always ready for us.



HIS EXCELLENCY POWELL CLAYTON, the new Ambassador of the United States to Mexico, who recently delivered his credentials to President Diaz, is reported to have incurred the displeasure of the State Department by appearing on that occasion in the uniform of a brigadier-general. We see no reason for this displeasure. We are of course aware of the provision inhibiting the use of uniforms by our diplomats, but we see no reason for that either. The cart is before the horse. Before creating provisions regarding diplomats, the diplomats themselves should be created. Great and large and lengthy indeed is the list of Talleyrands, Metternichs, and Gortchakoffs which our country has produced, but rarely have they entered the diplomatic service. To this rule the late Mr. Washburne is sometimes cited among the exceptions. With the best efforts we have been unable to so regard him. Accredited to the Tuileries during the Third Empire, he was the only foreign representative who stuck it out in Paris during the siege. Why that fact should be brought up as an evidence of his diplomacy is beyond us. We should consider it much more diplomatic had he gone. It is true he was less concerned with his skin than with his duty, but there is nothing whatever diplomatic in that. Moreover, in the mob of envoys who after the capitulation assembled at Versailles he was the only one in a black coat. The others were simply gorgeous. Said Bismarck: "He is the most distinguished-looking man present"—a remark which, repeated and commented, forever alienated from him the sympathy of the rest. That was not diplomatic either. In view of all of which we fail to see why Mr. Clayton should have incurred the displeasure of the State Department by appearing before President Diaz in the uniform of a brigadier—unless, indeed, it did not fit. In the latter event, it is not displeasure merely that he deserves. He should be recalled.



DREYFUS recently had a narrow escape. Mr. Hess, a French journalist, went—or says he did—from Paris to Cayenne for the purpose of interviewing him. Though for reasons entirely appreciable Mr. Hess did not get within gunshot, he has managed to produce a book on the subject. There is the true reportorial spirit. It may be that he did not go at all, which would be more reportorial still. In any event, barring a few anecdotes which it would not require more than the collaboration of two absinthes to invent, there is nothing new in the book except the gentleman's name. Of the anecdotes here is a sample. It appears that one day a prison doctor after examining Dreyfus was about returning



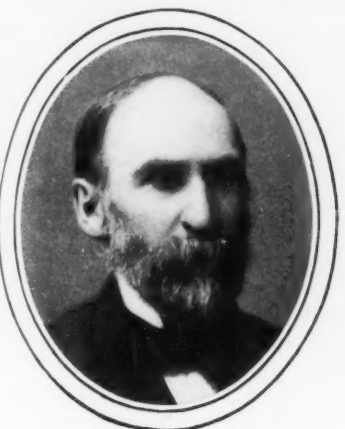
COMMISSARY-GENERAL C. P. EAGAN,
Who has made Sensational Charges against General Miles.



CAPTAIN FREDERICK RODGERS, U.S.N.,
Recently promoted to Commodore.



COMMODORE ALBERT KAUTZ, U.S.N.,
Recently promoted to Rear-Admiral.



HON. NELSON DINGLEY,
Congressman from Maine, and Author of the existing Tariff Law; died January 13.



COMMODORE PHILIP HITCHBORN, U.S.N.,
Head of the Naval Bureau of Construction.



HENRI LAVEDAN,
The newest Member of the "Immortals"—the French Academy.

MEN OF THE WEEK

to the neighboring Ile Royale and wished to take with him a melon. That, however, the governor of Devil's Island refused to permit. But the doctor was equal to the occasion. He opened the melon and showed the governor that Dreyfus was not in it. The story is offered as an example of the vigilance with which the prisoner is guarded. Accompanying it are other stories quite as good. Their audience, however, will not, we assume, be great. It is not their quality which will affect them, it is the fact that already there have been enough and to spare. Everybody is, of course, very sorry for Dreyfus. Outside of France, and even there, apart from the anti-revisionists, nine people out of ten are so convinced of his innocence as they are of their own. But the drama drags. The waits are too long. We all wish Dreyfus well and we all wish him free, yet we have troubles of our own and with his now we are getting bored.

IGNATIUS DONNELLY's announcement that Bacon wove a cipher through Shakespeare's plays was supplemented recently by the further announcement that he wove a second cipher through Cervantes' "Don Quixote." It may be that he did. The matter is one which we have lacked the leisure to probe. We have been occupied with a cipher interwoven through the pages of Ollendorf. Any lover of the latter will recall his curious remarks about a certain butcher and his wife, and will remember, too, the tenebrous manoeuvres of a baker. Whether among these people some tragedy had occurred, or whether indeed they were not plotting a crime, has heretofore been obscure. But through investigations recently conducted we are now able to state that in the bard's original manuscript the heroine was a sprightly yet perhaps silly lady, married to a butcher who owned a variety of tin boots, leather gus, and other valuable heirlooms. These the baker coveted, and with a view to obtaining them made up to the butcher's wife. The manner in which he won her regard by asking about her baby's false teeth and her grandmother's battle-horse, together with his culminating success in inducing her to purloin her husband's tin boots, the great savant told as only he could, and then, like Bacon, fearing that his reputation might suffer, broke the whole drama into isolated sentences, spunked them through his different grammars, and left it for a future age to discover what a poet he was.

SATAN is full of guile. One of his best efforts was in retreating into legend and causing his existence to be denied. Who shall fear that which is not? But in that great disappearing act the Very Low, as Hermann sternly catalogued him, left him behind. He is circumambient. Concerning it a question has arisen. Can it be banished into legend, too? We hope not. We love virtue. We abhor unrighteous-

ness. But for purposes artistic we like a little wickedness now and then. That, however, is a detail. The point is that Massila, a valley in New Mexico, has recently become the site of an experimental Utopia. There children gathered together from highways and byways—and yet, by reason of their years, ignorant of wrong and, by reason of their surroundings, isolated from it—will, it is expected, develop, on a diet of pure milk, fresh vegetables and beautiful precepts, individually into saints and collectively into the progenitors of a sinless race to be. The idea is pleasant, but, perhaps, not very profound. The originators have forgotten one or two things, among them the remote and mysterious influences of heredity. These children are reported to be the issue of humanity's dregs. The fact may or may not affect them. Epictetus, who at a distance of eighteen hundred years tells us how to be gentlemen to-day, came from the scum of the earth. Poverty, ignorance, squalor may precede and preside at a birth and leave the soul that has come unaffected. On the other hand, the offspring of the high and mighty are often no better than the law allows. In England, there are men so obnoxious that if you did not know they were peers of the realm you would fancy that they must be. Everything being possible, the parentage of these brats may not therefore interfere with their sanctity, but we can hardly regard it as conducive.



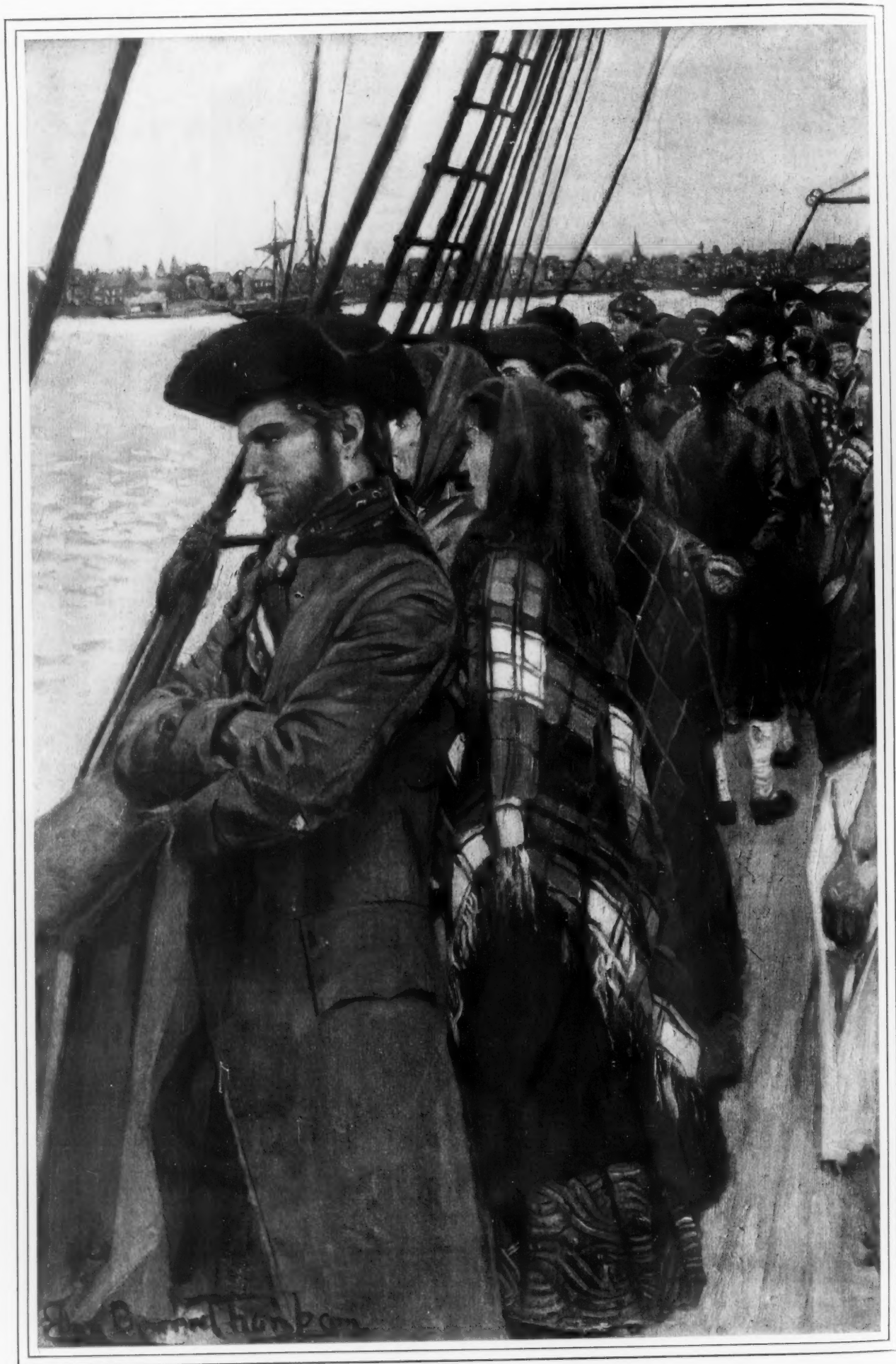
IN MASSILA another matter has been overlooked. Comprehension is equality. There an equality of ignorance will do very well. But elsewhere it will mean inferiority. The children of the valley will have to learn what sin is in order to avoid it. The process of learning will not improve them. Aware of no other paths than those of rectitude, the pits will be many and the falls will be deep. Even otherwise, they have against them that chain of circumstances into which we are all interlinked and from which, as from heredity, the one escape is that bourne whence no traveller returns. In the circumstances it is logical to assume that sin, if capable of eradication, will not be eliminated in any such fashion as this. Its disappearance will have to be effected in another way. First, crime must go, with it disease, and then, and then alone, it may be that sin will follow. But to crush crime and frustrate disease certain conditions are necessary. The primary object of any ethical form of society is obviously the greatest good of the greatest number. To that end there are in every city—or in its neighborhood—a number of buildings in which those who are mentally, morally or physically infirm can be succored and detained. These buildings are not self-supporting, but they are always full. Patients succeed each other through their corridors, and will succeed each other until the disorders which they represent are cured. These disorders are contagious as stupidity and hereditary as titles. The cure is

obtainable by methods which horticulturists observe. The plant produced by them is the perfection of its kind, and that perfection is obtainable in a manner perfectly applicable to man. Were it adopted we should have the millennium. The taint which makes the criminal would go, contagion would vanish, and in a few generations there would be processions of youths and maidens as fair in mind and body as ever strayed through myth. If that is the object which the originators of the Massila idea have in view they should select the parents before accepting the child and continue selecting until perfection is reached. Barring the visit of a disintegrating comet, in no other way can sin be removed. And even then, such is human nature that the world might regret it had gone.



"COMBATES Y CAPITULACION DE SANTIAGO DE CUBA" is the title of a work recently published in Madrid, which contains the first Spanish account that has reached us of Cervera's run to ruin. Had the author, Lieutenant Don José Muller y Tejero, been a Spaniard instead of a Spaniard he could not be less emphatic and more just. He deals with facts, and he handles them fatalistically. Mentioning himself but remotely, we are unaware whether at Santiago, where he was stationed, he was at the front, but in that case we assume that he fought as he writes, without bluster yet without fear, intrepidly as a soldier should. At the same time, though his account is the first that has reached us from Spain, there is much in it that is old. He says, for instance, that when the fleet received orders to leave the harbor, which orders, in spite of Admiral Cervera's protests, were reiterated, and the ships went out to death, the sortie, in the circumstances in which it was effected, constituted an act of valor and skill greater than can be conceived. Don José adds: "This statement can be borne out by the officers of the English corvette Alert and the Austrian cruiser Maria Teresa, who witnessed the fight." We are not so sure of that. But even otherwise, we don't need to have the statement attested. We know it to be true. Concerning the circumstances in which the dash was made Don José notes: "The commanders and officers knew what was about to occur and said good-by to each other as the ships sailed out." The lieutenant then relates that there was but little coal, but little ammunition, that of the guns many were useless, of others the shells were too small, that the primers and breech-plugs were faulty, and that the firing-pins blowing out wounded the gunners where they stood. The lieutenant concludes by asking: "Can the result be wondered at?" and answers "Certainly not." But it can and has and will be wondered at. Since Trafalgar the world has seen no braver sight.

EDGAR SALTUS.



PAINTED BY ELLEN BERNARD THOMPSON

STANDING BY HIMSELF, AND, LIKE THE OTHER EMIGRANTS, LOOKING OVER THE RAIL,



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

JANICE AND TABITHA GO TO MEETING

JANICE MEREDITH

A Story of the Revolution

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD

Author of "THE HONORABLE PETER STERLING"

A HEROINE OF MANY POSSIBILITIES



ALONZO NOW ONCE more found himself upon an element that had twice proved destructive to his happiness, but Neptune was propitious, and with gentle breezes wafted him toward his haven of bliss, toward Amariyllis. Alas, when but one day from happiness, a Moorish zebra—

"Janice!" called a voice.

The effect on the reader and her listener, both of whom were sitting on the floor, was instantaneous. Each started and sat rigidly intent for a moment; then as the sound of approaching footsteps became audible, one girl hastily slipped a little volume under the counterpane of the bed, while the other sprang to her feet, and in a hurried, flustered way, pretended to be getting something out of a tall wardrobe.

Before the one who hid the book had time to rise a woman of fifty entered the room, and after a glance, cried:

"Janice Meredith! How often have I told you that it is ungentle for a female to repose on the floor!"

"Very often, mommy," said Janice, rising meekly, meantime casting a quick glance at the bed, to see how far its smoothness had been disturbed.

"And still you continue such unbecoming and vastly indelicate behavior."

"Oh, mommy, but it is so nice!" cried the girl. "Didn't you like to sit on the floor when you were sixteen?"

"Janice, you get more careless every day in bed-making," ejaculated Mrs. Meredith, making a sudden dive toward the bed, as if she desired to escape the question. She smoothed the gay patchwork quilt, seemed to feel something underneath, and the next moment pulled out the hidden volume, which was bound, as the bookseller's advertisements phrased it, in "half calf neat, marbled sides." One stern glance she gave the two red-faced culprits, and opening the book, read out in a voice that was in itself an impeachment, "The Adventures of Alotzo and Amariyllis!"

There was an instant's silence, full of omen to the culprits, and then Mrs. Meredith's wrath found vent.

"Janice Meredith!" she cried. "On a Sabbath morning, when you should be dressing for church! And you, Tabitha Drinker!"

"It's all my fault, Mrs. Meredith," hurriedly asserted Tabitha. "I brought the book with me from Trenton, and 'twas I suggested that we go on reading this morning."

"Six hours of spinet practice you shall have to-morrow, miss," announced Mrs. Meredith to her daughter, "and this afternoon you shall say over the whole catechism. As for you, Tabitha, I shall feel it my duty to write your father of his daughter's conduct. Now, hurry and dress for church." And Mrs. Meredith started to leave the room.

"Oh, mommy," cried Janice, springing forward and laying a detaining hand on her mother's arm in an im-

ploring manner. "Punish me as much as you please—I know I was very, very wicked—but don't take the book away. He and Amariyllis were just—"

"Not another sight shall you have of it, miss. My daughter reading novels, indeed!" and Mrs. Meredith departed, holding the evil book gingerly between her fingers, much as one might carry something that was likely to soil one's hands.

The two girls looked at each other, Tabitha with a woe-begone expression and Janice with a curious one, which might mean many things. The flushed cheeks were perhaps due to guilt, but the tightly clinched little fists were certainly due to anger, and, noting these two only, one would have safely affirmed that Janice Meredith, meekly as she had taken her mother's scolding, had a quick and hot temper. But the eyes were fairly starry with some emotion, certainly not anger, and though the lips were pressed tightly together, the feeling that had set them so rigidly was but a passing one, for suddenly the corners twitched, the straight lines bent into curves, and flinging herself upon the tall four-poster bedstead, Miss Meredith laughed as only sixteen can laugh.

"Oh, Tibbie, Tibbie," she presently managed to articulate, "if you look like that I shall die," and as the god of Momus once more seized her, she dragged the quilt into a rumpled pile and buried her head in it, as if indeed attempting to suffocate herself.

"But, Janice, to think that we shall never know how it ended! I couldn't sleep last night for hours, because I was so afraid that Amariyllis wouldn't—and we should have finished it in another day."

"And a proper punishment for naughty Tibbie Drinker it is," declared Miss Meredith, sitting up and assuming a judicially severe manner. "What do you mean, miss, by tempting good little Janice Meredith into reading a wicked romance on Sunday?"

"Good little Janice!" cried Tibbie contemptuously. "I could slap thee for that." But instead she threw her arms about Janice's neck and kissed her with such rapture and energy as to overbalance the judge from an upright position, and the two rolled over upon the bed laughing with anything but discretion, considering the nearness of their neighbor. As a result a voice from a distance called:

"Janice!"

"O gemini!" cried the owner of that name, springing off the bed, and beginning to undo her gown; an example promptly followed by her room-mate.

"Are you dressing, child?" called the voice, after a pause.

"Yes, mommy," answered Janice. Then she turned to her friend and asked, "Shall I wear my light chintz and kenton kerchief, or my purple and white striped Persian?"

"Sufficiently smart for a country lass, Jan," cried her friend.

"Don't call me country bred, Tibbie Drinker, just because you are a modish city girl."

"And why not thy blue shalloon?"

"Tis vastly unbecoming."

"Janice Meredith! Can't thee let the men alone?"

"I will when they will," laughed the girl.

"Do unto others—" quoted Tabitha.

"Then I will when thee sets me an example," retorted Janice, making a deep curtsy; the absence of drapery and bodice revealing the straightness and suppleness of the slender rounded figure, which still had as much of the child as of the woman in its lines.

"Little thought they got from me," cried Tabitha, with a toss of her head.

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
In the heart or in the head?"

hummed Janice. "Of course, one doesn't think about men, Mistress Tabitha. One feels"—which remark showed a perception of a feminine truth far in advance of Miss Meredith's years.

"Unfeeling Janice!"

"Tis a good thing for the oafs and plowboys of Brunswick. For there are none better."

"Philemon Henniou?"

"Your servant, marmes," mimicked Janice, catching up a hair brush and taking it from her head as if it were a hat, while making a bow with her feet widely spread. "Having nothing better to do, I've made bold to come over to drink a dish of tea with you." The girl put the brush under her arm, still further spread her feet, put her hands behind some pretended

coat-tails, let the brush slip from under her arm, so that it fell to the floor with a racket, stooped with an affectation of clumsiness which seemed impossible to the lithe figure, while mumbling something inarticulate in an apparent paroxysm of embarrassment—which quickly became a genuine inability to speak from laughter.

"Janice, thee should turn actress."

"Oh, Tibbie, lace my bodice quickly, or I shall burst of laughing," breathlessly begged the girl.

"Janice," said her mother, entering, "how often have I told you that giggling is missish? Stop, this moment."

"Yes, mommy," gasped Janice. Then she added, after a shriek and a squirm, "Don't, Tabitha!"

"What ails you now, child? Art going to have an attack of the negrims?"

"When Tibbie laces me up she always tickles me, because she knows I'm dreadfully ticklish."

"I can't ever make the edges of the bodice meet, so I tinkle to make her wriggle," explained Miss Drinker.

"Go on with thy own dressing, Tabitha," said Mrs. Meredith, taking the strings from her hand. "Now breathe out, Janice."

Miss Meredith drew a long breath, and then expelled it, instant advantage being taken by her mother to strain the strings. "Again," she ordered, holding all that had been gained, and the operation was repeated, this time the edges of the frock meeting across the back.

"It hurts," complained the owner of the waist, panting, while the upper part of her bust rose and fell rapidly in an attempt to make up for the crushing of the lower lungs.

"I lose all patience with you, Janice," cried her mother. "Here when you've a waist that would be the envy of any York woman, for you to object to clothes made to set it off to a proper advantage."

"It hurts all the same," reiterated Janice, "and last year I could beat Jacky Whitehead, but now when I wear my new frocks I can't run at all."

"I should hope not!" exclaimed her mother. "A female of sixteen run with a boy, indeed! The very idea is indelicate. Now, as soon as you have put on your slippers and goloshes, go to your father, who has been told of your misbehavior, and who will reprove you for it." And with this last damper on the "lightness of young people," as Mrs. Meredith phrased it, she once more left the room. It is a regrettable fact that Miss Janice, who had looked the picture of woe as her mother spoke, made a mouth, which was far from respectful, at the departing figure.

"Oh, Janice," said Tabitha, "will he be very severe?" "Severe?" laughed Janice. "If dear daddy is really angry, I'll let tears come into my eyes, and then he'll say he's sorry he hurt my feelings, and kiss me; and if he's only doing it to please mommy, I'll let my eyes shine, and then he'll laugh and tell me to kiss him. Oh, Tibbie, what a nice time we could have if women were only as easy to manage as men!" With this parting regret, Miss Meredith sallied forth to receive the expected reproof.

The lecture or kiss received—and a sight of Miss Meredith would have led the casual observer to opine that the latter was the form of reproof adopted—the two girls mounted into the big, lumbering coach along with their elders, and were jolted and shaken over the four miles of ill-made road that separated "Greenwood," the "seat," as the New York "Mercury" termed it, of the Honorable Lambert Meredith, from the village of Brunswick, N. J. Either this shaking, or something else, put the two girls in a mood quite unbefitting the day, for in the moment they tarried outside the church while the coach was being placed in the shed, Miss Drinker's face was frowning, and once again Miss Meredith's nails were dug deep into the little palms of her hands.

"Yes," Janice whispered. "She put it in the fire. Dadda saw her."

"And we'll never know if Amaryllis explained that she had always loved him," groaned Tabitha.

"If ever I get the chance!" remarked Janice, suggestively.

"Oh, Jan!" cried Tabitha ecstatically. "wouldn't it be delightful to be loved by a peasant, and to find he was a prince, and that he had disguised himself to test your love?"

"Twould be better fun to know he was a prince and torture him by pretending you didn't care for him," replied Janice. "Men are so teasing."

"There's Philemon Henniou doffing his hat to us, Jan."

"The great big gawk!" exclaimed Janice. "Does he want another dish of tea?" A question which set both girls laughing.

"Janice! Tabitha!" rebuked Mrs. Meredith's voice. "Don't be flippant on the Sabbath."

The two faces became demure, and fling into the Presbyterian meeting-house, both young ladies gave strict heed to a sermon of the Rev. Alexander McClave, which was later issued from the press of Isaac Collins, at Burlington, under the title of:

"The Doleful State of the Damned, Especially such as go to Hell from under the Gospel."



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

SCARCELY HAD THE ANCHOR SPLASHED . . . WHEN A SMALL BOAT PUT OFF FROM ONE OF THE WHARFS

II

THE PRINCE FROM OVER THE SEAS

ACROSS THE WATER SOUNDED THE bells of Christ Church as the anchor of the brig Boscawen, ninety days out from Cork Harbor, fell with a splash into the Delaware River in the fifteenth year of the reign of George III., and of grace, 1774. To those on board the chimes brought the first intimation that it was Sunday, for three months at sea with nothing to mark one day from another deranges the calendar of all but the most heedful. Among the uncouth and ill-garbed crowd that pressed against the waist-boards of the brig, looking with curious eyes toward Philadelphia, several, as the

sound of the bells was heard, might have been observed to cross themselves, while one or two of the women began to tell their beads, praying perhaps that the breadth of the just crossed Atlantic lay between them and the privation and want which had forced immigration upon them, but more likely giving thanks that the dangers and suffering of the voyage were over.

Scarcely had the anchor splashed, and before the circling ripples it started had spread a hundred feet, when a small boat put off from one of the wharfs lining the water front of the city, with the newly arrived ship as an evident destination; and the brig had barely swung to the current, when the hoarse voice of the mate was heard ordering the ladder over the side. The preparation to receive the boat drew the attention of the crowd, and they stared at its occupants with an intent-

ness which implied some deeper interest than mere curiosity; low words were exchanged, and some of the poor frightened creatures seemed to take on a greater cringe.

Seated in the sternsheets of the approaching boat was a plainly dressed man, whose appearance so bespoke the mercantile class that it hardly needed the doffing of the captain's cap and his obsequious, "Your servant, Mr. Cauldwell, and good health to you," as the man clambered on board, to announce the owner of the ship. To the emigrants this sudden deference was a revelation concerning the cruel and oath-using tyrant at whose mercy they had been during the long weeks at sea.

"A long voyage you've made of it, Captain Caine," said the merchant.

"Ay, sir," answered the captain. "Another ten days would have put us short of water, and—" "But not of rum?" Eh?" interrupted Cauldwell. "As for that," replied the captain, "there's a bottle or two that's rolled itself till 'tis cruelly not to drink it, and if you'll test a noggin in the cabin while taking a look at the manifests—" "Well answered," cried the merchant, adding, "I see you set deep."

"Ay," said the captain as they went toward the companionway; "too deep for speed or safety, but the factors care little for sailors' lives."

"And a deep ship makes a deep purse."

"Or a deep grave."

"Wouldst die ashore, man?"

"God forbid!" ejaculated the captain in a frightened voice. "I've had my share of ill-luck without lying in the cold ground. The very thought goes through me like a dash of spray in a winter v'y'ge." He stamped with his foot and roared out, "Foward there: Two glasses, and a dipper from the runnet," at the same time opening a locker and taking therefrom a squat bottle. "'Tis enough to make a man bowse himself kissing black Betty to think of being under ground." He held the black bottle firmly, as if it were in fact a sailor's life-preserver from such a fate, and hastened, so soon as the cabin-boy appeared with the glasses and dipper, to mix two glasses of rum and water. Setting these on the table, he took from the locker a bundle of papers and handed it to the merchant.

Twenty minutes were spent on the clearances and manifests, and then Mr. Cauldwell opened yet another paper.

"Sixty-two in all," he said, with a certain satisfaction in his voice.

"Sixty-three," corrected the captain.

"Not by the list," denied the merchant.

"Sixty-two from Cork Harbor, but we took one aboard ship at Bristol," explained the captain.

"You must pack them close between decks."

"Ay. The shoats in the long boat had more room. Mr. Bull-dog would none of it, but slept on deck the whole v'y'ge."

"Mr. Bull-dog?" queried Mr. Cauldwell.

"The one your factor shipped at Bristol," explained Caine, and running over the bundle, he spread before the merchant the following paper:

"This Indenture, Made the Tenth Day of March in the fifteenth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the third King of Great Britain, etc. And in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and seventy-four, Between Charles Fownes of Bath in the County of Somerset Labourer of the one Part, and Frederick Caine of Bristol Mariner of the other part Witnesseth That the said Charles Fownes for the Consideration hereinafter mentioned, hath, and by these Presents doth Covenant, Grant and Agree to, and with the said Frederick Caine, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, That the said Charles Fownes shall and will, as a Faithful Covenant Servant, well and truly serve Fred. Caine his Executors, Administrators or Assigns, in the Plantations of Pennsylvania and New Jersey beyond the Seas, for the space of Five Years next ensuing his Arrival in the said Plantation, in the Employment of a Servant. And the said Charles Fownes doth hereby Covenant and declare himself, now to be of the Age of twenty Years and no Covenant or Contract Servant to any Person or Persons. And the said Frederick Caine for himself his Executors, and Assigns, in Consideration thereof doth hereby Covenant, Promise and Agree to and with the said Charles Fownes his Executors and Administrators, that he the said Frederick Caine his Executors, Administrators or Assigns, shall and will at his or their own proper Cost and Charges, with what Convenient Speed they may, carry and con-

vey or cause to be carried and conveyed over unto the said Plantation, the said Charles Fownes and also during the said Term, shall and will at the like Cost and Charges, provide and allow the said Charles Fownes all necessary Cloaths, Meat, Drink, Washing, and Lodging, and Fitting and Convenient for him as Covenant Servants in such Cases are usually provided for and allowed. And for the true Performance of the Premises, the said Parties to these Presents, bind themselves, their Executors and Administrators, the either to the other, in the Penal Sum of Thirty Pounds Sterling, by these Presents. In Witness whereof they have hereto interchangeably set their Hands and Seals, the Day and Year above written.

The mark of
Charles X Fownes [Seal.]

Scaled and delivered
in the Presence of
J. Pattison,
C. Capon.

These are to certify that the above-named Charles Fownes came before me Thomas Pattison Deputy to the Patentee at Bristol the Day and Year above written, and declared himself to be no Coveuant nor Contract Servant to any Person or Persons, to be of the Age of twenty Years, not kidnapped nor enticed, but desirous to serve the above named or his assigns, five Years, according to the Tenor of his Indenture above written. All of which is Registered in the office for that Purpose appointed by the Letters Patents. In witness whereof I have affixed the common Seal of the said office.

THOMAS PATTISON, D. P."

"And why Mr. Bull-dog?" asked Cauldwell, after a glance at the paper.

"By the airs he takes. Odd's life, if we'd had the Duke of Cumberland aboard, he'd not have carried himself the stiffer. From the day we shipped him, not so much as a word has he passed with one of us, save to threat Mr. Higgins' life, when he knocked him down with a belaying pin for his da—for his impertinence. And he nothing but an indentured servant not able to write his name and like as not with a sheriff at his heels." The captain's sudden volubility could mean either dislike or mere curiosity.

"Doest think he's of the wrong color?" asked the merchant, looking with more interest at the covenant.

"'Tis the Dev—'tis beyond me to say what he is. A good man at the ropes, but a da—a Dutchman for company. Twixt he, and the bog-trotters we shipped at Cork Harbor, 'twas the dev—'twas the scuttest lot I ever took aboard ship." The rum was getting into the captain's tongue, and making his usual vocabulary difficult to keep under.

"Have you no artisans among the Irish?"

"Not so much as one who knows the differ between his two hands."

"'Tis too bad of Gorman not to pick better," growled the merchant. "There's a great demand for Western settlers, and Mr. Meredith writes me to pick him up a good man at horses and gardening, without stinting the price. 'Twould be something to me to oblige him."

"'Tis a parcel of raw teagues except for the Bristol man."

"And you think he's of the light-fingered gentry?"

"As for that," said the captain, "I know nothing about him. But he came to your factor and wanted to take the first ship that cleared, and seemed in such a mortal pother that Mr. Horsley suspicioned something, and gave me a slant to look out for him. And all the time we lay off Bristol, my fine fellow kept himself well out of sight."

"Come," said the merchant, rising, "we'll have a look at him. Mr. Meredith is not a man to be disappointed if it can be avoided."

Once on deck, the captain led the way to the fore-part of the ship, where, standing by himself, and, like the other emigrants, looking over the rail, but, unlike them, looking not at the city, but at the water, stood a fellow of a little over medium height, with broad shoulders and a well-shaped back, despite the ill form his coat tried to give it. At a slap on the shoulder he turned about, showing to the merchant a ruddy, seamed skin, light brown hair, gray eyes, and a chin and mouth hidden by a two months' beard, still too bristly to give him other than an unkempt, boorish look.

"Here's the rogue," said the captain, with a suggestion of challenge in the speech, as if he would have liked to have the epithet resented. But the man only regarded the officer with steady, inexpressive eyes.

"Now, my good fellow," asked the merchant, "what kind of work are you used to?"

The steady gray eyes were turned deliberately from the captain, until the questioner was within their vision. Then, after a moment's scrutiny of his face, they were slowly dropped so as to take in the merchant from head to foot. Finally they came back to the face again, and once more studied it with intentness, though apparently without the slightest interest.

"Come," said the merchant a little heatedly, and flushing at the man's coolness. "Answer me. Are you used to horses and gardening?"

"None of your damned impertinence!" roared the captain, catching up the free part of a halyard coiled on the deck, "or I'll give you a taste of the rope's end."

The young fellow turned in sudden passion, which strangely altered him. "Strike me at your peril!" he challenged, his arm drawn back, and fist clinched for a blow.

"None but a jail-bird would be so afraid of telling about himself," cried the captain, though ceasing to threaten. "The best thing you can do will be to turn the cursed son of a sea cook over to the authorities, Mr. Cauldwell."

"Look you, my man," warned the merchant, "you only bring suspicion on yourself by such conduct, and you know best how far you want to have your past investigated—"

The man interrupted the merchant.

"Ar baint much usen to gardening nor—" he hesitated for a moment and then went on, "but ar bai willin' to work."

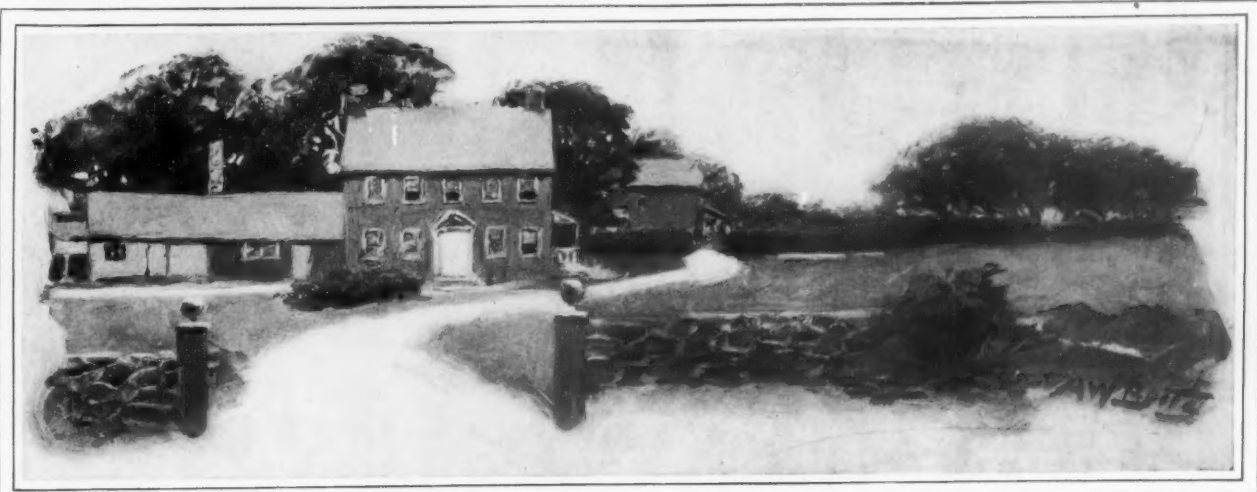
"Ay," bawled the captain. "Fear of the courts has made him find his tongue."

"Well," remarked the merchant, "it's not for my interest to look too closely at a man I have for sale." Then, as he walked away with the captain, he continued: "Many a convict or fugitive has come to the straight-about out here, but hang me if I like his looks or his manner. However, Mr. Meredith knows the pot-luck of redemptioners as well as I, and he can say nay if he chooses." He stopped and eyed the group of emigrants sourly, saying, "I'll let Gorman hear what I think of his shipment. He knows I don't want mere bog cattle."

"'Tis a poor consignment that can not be bettered in the advertisement," comforted the captain, and apparently he spoke truly, for in the Pennsylvania "Gazette" of September 7th appeared the following:

"Just Arrived, on board the brig Boscawen, Alexander Caine, Master, from Ireland, a number of likely, healthy men and women Servants; among whom are Taylors, Barbers, Joiners, Weavers, Shoemakers, Sewers, Laborers, etc., etc., whose indentures are to be disposed of by Cauldwell & Wilson, or the master on board the Vessels off Market Street Wharf—Said Cauldwell & Wilson will give the highest prices for good Pot-Ashes, and Bees-Wax."

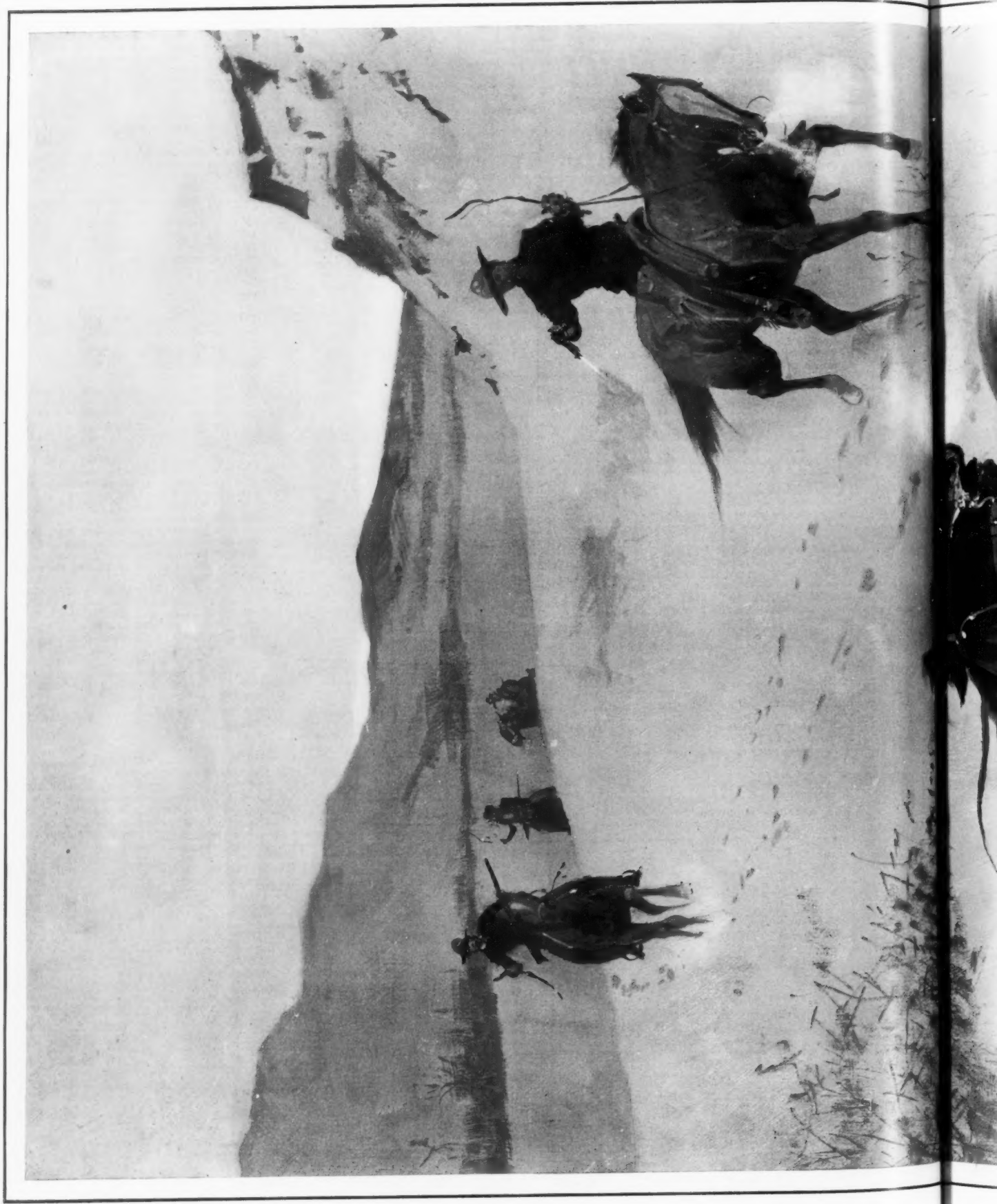
[To be continued.]



DRAWN BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

"GREENWOOD," THE HOME OF THE MEREDITHS







"\$5,000 REWARD, DEAD OR ALIVE!"

PAINTED FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY, BY

Frederic Remington

This painting is the first of a series of TWELVE GREAT PAINTINGS BY FAMOUS ILLUSTRATORS, which will be published in Collier's Weekly during the year 1899. Among the artists who will be represented in this series are Walter Appleton Clark, Robert Reid, Louis Loebe, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle, A. B. Wenzell, F. C. Yohn, George Wharton Edwards, Eric Pope, Gilbert Gaul and Jay Hambidge.



PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE OCCUPATION OF CUBA

THE POST-OFFICE AT HAVANA; ARMY AMBULANCE AWAITING MAIL MATTER FOR THE CAMPS

A TROPICAL TWELFTH-NIGHT

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

HAVANA, Jan. 7, 1899

TWELFTH-NIGHT, or the Day of the Kings, as they call it here, was the closing holiday of the great Cuban Fiesta de la Independencia. On that day the little children of Havana who have never heard of Santa Claus and his reindeer were made happy by finding their hemp-soled slippers filled with sweetmeats and such wonderful trifles as can only be brought by the Three Wise Kings from the East on their annual trip to the West Indies.

For us older children Uncle Sam, in an access of newly acquired parental affection, provided such adult entertainments as military baseball games and a regatta of naval cutters and of men-of-war's crews in Havana Harbor past the spoil-sport skeleton of the battleship Maine. At night the cafés were allowed to keep open one hour longer; an American band played "Dixie" in the central Plaza; at the Sport Club, the former Cercle Militar of the Spanish officers, the *jeunesse dorée* of Havana, was to give a ball. In brief, our Independence Festival ended in a blaze of glory and everybody was satisfied, excepting only provost marshals and possibly that old irreconcilable, General Gomez, who has ordered his troops to remain under arms until the real independence of Cuba, as he chooses to style it, shall have been actually accomplished.

To tell the truth, some of us were growing a bit weary of the long-continued patriotic celebration, with its everlasting cavalcades by day and no less incessant tom-tom dances by night. It was like the continuous performance of a certain popular puppet show on the Plaza de Monserrate, where craven Spanish marionettes are thumped on the head by valorous insurrecto puppets at every hour of the night and day. When I first passed the place I found the show intensely amusing, and lingered long enough to see several diminutive captain-generals strung up to equally diminutive guasima trees by fierce "mambo" manikins. After the fourth or fifth night the thing began to wear on my nerves, and now I cannot cross the plaza and hear the barbaric jangle of the showman's music without a shudder of disgust.

So it was with the fiesta and its kettledrum accompaniment of "Cuba Libre" cries. It is all very well to see the country folk dancing their savage baïllas around the liberty pole, and to watch the powdered señoritas flaunt up and down the Prado with their hair hanging, but a perpetual holiday becomes irksome when all the work of every-day life remains suspended and you have to coax and wheedle your servants to interrupt their fiesta long enough to remember that you are among the living.

Mercifully for most of us the American military

authorities put an early stop to the favorite sport of compelling alleged Spanish sympathizers to shout "Cuba Libre" by firing revolver shots over their heads. The trouble was that the wrong person always got hit. One night it was a priest; the next day an American lady. In the end an order was issued forbidding all but American soldiers to carry firearms or weapons whatsoever.

The officers of the Cuban army, resplendent in new uniforms, which, like their flag, suggest the American prototype without being a copy of the same, were inclined to resent this order, as they did the fact that their troops were not suffered to parade together with ours on Evacuation Day, but this indignation was stifled when it was announced, at the eleventh hour, that their generals were to take part in some of the formal ceremonies of the surrender.

Their presence certainly served to give a picturesque high light to some of the events of that day, while the absence of their rank and file was appreciated by those who preferred that the solemnity of the occasion should not be marred by any opera-bouffe effects. There was a solemn grandeur, for instance, in the way the Plaza des Armas in front of the palace was kept clear by our troops from the intrusion of the rabble at the time of the surrender, until every Spaniard who had played a part in the affair had been permitted to depart in peace. Yet it was an inspiring sight, shortly afterward, to see the Cuban chiefs who had been invited to attend, dash into the square on their fiery little horses to pay homage to the representatives of the great nation that had come to intervene in their affairs at their request.

There was an equal grandeur in the purely military pageant of a complete American army corps marching up the principal thoroughfare of Havana, regiment after regiment and battalion after battalion, with all the men in fighting trim, coatless, grim, and dusty, and all unmindful of the clamorous appreciation of the populace. Yet it made a lump rise in many a throat to behold frail women and children pressing through the throng to grasp the hands of General Lee, riding in advance of his thousands of tramping giants who had risen up out of the North as if to avenge the insults offered him by Spain.

The army that came after General Lee was so impressive in numbers as well as in magnificent manhood that the tumultuous demonstrations of the throngs lining the streets were awed into silence. For the first time the Cuban people seemed to realize that these foreign troops were marching into their capital not so much as allies but as an army of occupation.

First came Major-General Keifer and staff, commanding the First Division, followed by Brigadier-General Wheaton, commanding the First Brigade. This consisted of the First Texas, Second Louisiana, and Second New York Engineers. Then came Major-

General Williston, commanding the Second Division, and General Hasbrouck, commanding the Second Brigade. This was composed of the Fourth Virginia, Forty-ninth Iowa, and Sixth Missouri. The final brigade, commanded by Colonel Armfield, marched in the following formation: First North Carolina, Second Illinois, and One Hundred and Sixty-first Indiana.

As the rear-guard of the Indiana regiment passed the reviewing officers in the Hotel Inglaterra an incident occurred which served to lighten the tension. During one of the brief halts along the way, apparently, the men of this last platoon had supplied themselves with a number of little Cuban flags from the cart of a flag vender, and, acting on some spontaneous impulse, they waved these flags as they swung into the open square. The crowd instantly went wild with delight, and gave those men such an ovation that the strains of the regimental band were drowned in the noise. It was clearly a breach of discipline, and the officers of the regiment soon put a stop to the proceeding, but the Cuban people of Havana chose to regard it as an earnest of good faith from one republic to another, and as such it seemed to afford them immense relief.

Some comfort of this kind was needed, for, during the week that followed, many a Cuban felt disposed to take alarm at the determined ways of the American soldiery who pitched their tents on all the choicest plazas of the city, even in the Parque Central, and at the Punta, and posted sentries with fixed bayonets to forbid people from walking in their favorite thoroughfares. There was bewildered resentment, too, at the retention of a regiment of Spanish Guardia Municipal to police the streets. One night there was nearly a riot like the recent Inglaterra affair, because these same municipal guards refused to present arms to General Sanguilly and other Cuban officers entering one of the theatres on the principal plaza. American troops, of course, had to settle the disturbance.

To the remaining Spanish Tories these anomalies appear as proof positive that the Spanish soldiers in Cuba were sold out by their home government, and they profess to know just how much was paid by us for every officer and private of the Guardia Municipal. As a matter of fact, these guards are recruited from the island, but since they wear the Spanish uniform they must willy-nilly play the part of Hessians.

The only cure for these smouldering passions, to recall a certain famous message of the late Mr. Gladstone, is common sense and ordinary good-will, which is precisely the cure that our American authorities are applying. Thus, it was a diplomatic master-stroke on their part to let the fiesta end with a general American celebration of the former Spanish holiday of El Dios de Reyes.

"At all events," say the Cubans, "we shall not be deprived of our holidays;" and when Captain Sigbee



PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY

THE OCCUPATION OF CUBA

AMERICAN OFFICERS TAKING CHARGE OF THE ORDNANCE DEPOT, HAVANA, JANUARY 1

caused invitations to be sent to the prominent members of Havana society to view the American regatta in the harbor from his ship, they came to the Texas in such numbers that the crew had to take to the upper structure.

Of all the celebrations of Twelfth-night that it has been my fortune to take part in this was the most outlandish—and the most enjoyable. As we mounted the gangplank of the battle-scarred Texas, now brilliant in a new coat of white paint, we were received by Captain Sigsbee, who stood facing the wreck of the Maine. Around him were his officers, in their white uniforms, for it was as hot as any Fourth of July and the awning over the after-deck made it hotter for those who stood beneath. Over the gangplank came star-bespangled Cuban officers, with their ladies in the demi-toilette of the West Indies, Chinese consuls, foreign naval officers from the French and German warships in the harbor, and no end of American officers, both naval and military. A band played, punch was served, and couples seemingly impervious to the heat danced on the promenade-deck. There was a queer mixture of languages as the couples swept by, and everybody was interested in everything except the boat races they had come to see. The crew in the rigging above made up for this, and when a Texas boat won one of the races there arose a great shout from the rigging, intermingled with weird tooting from the steam-whistle. Even the Chinese consul realized that something had happened, and hastened to the wrong side of the ship to gaze anxiously over the waters with a huge telescope clapped to his eye. Perhaps he remembered the Maine.

In the meanwhile foreign naval officers were making funny little bows to Captain Sigsbee with murmured "Congratulations!" In return he toasted their Emperors and Presidents with a glass of red punch that was brought him for the purpose. The foreign officers responded with a toast to the American Navy. Then, having reached the zenith of popularity, they bowed a very formal farewell and, descending the gangplank, settled down in the gorgeously colored sternsheets of their captains' gigs and were off, with sixteen oars flashing upward as a last salute to Captain Sigsbee and the American Navy.

It was the beginning of the end, for dusk soon fell with tropical abruptness. With the night the great fortnight's fiesta came to a close.

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

OUR LONDON LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, Jan 7, 1899

PEOPLE are telling themselves that the Liberal party has reached a period in its development at once unprecedented and grotesque. Sir William Harcourt's resignation of its leadership in the House of Commons would almost imply that there is no longer any such party for him to lead. Mr. Labouchère has himself alluded to it, in rather rowdy terms, as "a rotten old tub." The Earl of Rosebery, once its chief representative, has of late made speeches so imperialistic in tone that conservatism has wondered what future programme would be offered by the Opposition to the electorate. Meanwhile no one doubts the sincerity of Sir William's epoch-making letter. Its honesty is as vivid as its despair. Of course Toryism has some hard missiles to hurl. The party, it can be heard to cry, has no longer either ambitions or principles, having swallowed the last when it sacrificed the first. There can be slight doubt on one point: Liberalism scarcely needs a leader (either in the Baronet of the Lower House or the Earl of the Upper) until it can agree as to calling or not calling upon Great Britain, for what would now be the fourth time, with respect to the question of Home Rule. This dominates all other questions, as

every sane observer of the present amazing situation cannot fail to concede.

Acrimony, as in all such political emergencies, must perforce rear its vicious crest. We hear from one source that Sir William Harcourt is disingenuous, from another that Lord Rosebery's retirement was a piece of hypocrisy, and that he deserted the Opposition in its most-imperiled hour. Dark hints are whispered that a correspondence took place between Sir William and the ex-Premier which the former is only too willing to have published but which the latter prefers to withhold from general gaze. Ultimately, no doubt, the members of the Liberal party in the House of Commons will elect their own leader. As to the identity of this veiled individual there has yet transpired no accurate news. One thinks of Mr. John Morley, but he is not a man of wealth, and he is doubtless a better writer than statesman. The Earl of Rosebery? Is he not rather too deep in jingoism just now, and is he not held by certain devout Gladstonians to have worn the dropped mantle of their idol with too unmajestic a mien? Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's name is also mentioned, but he is a landlord of enormous holdings, and landlords of that kind are at present not widely beloved throughout the realm. There is also Mr. Asquith, a lawyer of much talent, but the professional advocate is not hedged with great social divinity. A Whig is wanted, but he must evidently be a big Whig or none. The hour, as it usually does, will ultimately produce the man. Everybody feels, at present, that the wave of imperialism has been copious enough to inundate both parties. Liberalism must be left dry again, but will it be left high? There conjecture and speculation have already grown haggard with effort, and a most painful crisis is at hand, which already has flung bat-winged shadows over February's parliamentary reassemblage.

The Peace Demonstration at St. James's Hall, a few days ago, called forth an immense crowd. Many meetings of a like sort have been held during previous weeks in various parts of the kingdom, but this was the gigantic London culmination of them all. The striking feature of this arousal in answer to the Rescript of the Czar—who has once again, but with a difference, "fired the shot heard round the world"—is its having followed so quickly a tremendous ovation given a conquering warrior. Perhaps there were few people in the Piccadilly gathering who had shouted applause to the Sirdar so brief a while ago. London is huge, and *tot homines quot sententia*. Assuredly, however, this new blaze of enthusiasm has caused here a strong thrill of surprise. It would almost tempt an unimpassioned observer to reflect that politics often smother rather than reveal the actual will of a people. Yet I find that in the main those who profess to survey this whole Russian overture with unbiased intelligence are doubtful of its final English acceptance. They may not indorse such bitter sneers as those to be found in Mr. Kipling's recent deplorable little allegoric ballad, but they point to practical obstructions, notwithstanding, and with much heat of dissent. Peace, many insist, is the policy in all ways preferable here. War, while noxious in other respects, is the foe of commerce. Militarism is regarded everywhere in Great Britain, we hear it affirmed, as a devouring curse. No such chance has ever before been given Europe of ridding herself from that shirt of Nessus which now consumes her vitals. The average Englishman will grant you all this; he will even assist you himself in maintaining it. "But," he will add, "we cannot forget that our Navy is our life. Were it not for that, Buckingham Palace might be made a French barracks and the Nelson Monument a German triumphal column—with perhaps a statue of William in the Holy Land to replace Horatio at Trafalgar. Then, too, the Continental armies in many cases far outnumber our own. We have no conscription law, and leave it wholly to the patriotic impulse of our people whether they shall allow their sons to enlist or not. Our warfare against barbarous hordes has always been spurred by the desire to eliminate barbarism from them, and to establish among them civilization and decency." This form of argument, as all must have read, whether they ran or stood, has for many years been assailed by fierce

dispute. But its antagonists—"little Englanders," as they are now called—appear to have disappeared.

If the Prince of Wales does not exorbitantly sorrow at the demise of his Danish mother-in-law, he surely feels a sense of bereavement at the death, within a few days, of his two intimate "chums." Mr. Christopher Sykes was one of these, and the Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild was another, and both have died with suddenness, though neither was expected to live long. Mr. Sykes was cherished by the Prince for qualities which, from time immemorial, nearly all princes have treasured: tact, good-sense, discrimination and perfect breeding. He probably knew more about the virtues and frailties of Albert Edward than any courtier of that same personage now existent. It was, literally, with H.R.H., "Christopher here, Christopher there"; and Christopher, a big Yorkshireman, with the power of pleasing hid somewhere behind his rather eccentric outward demeanor, satisfied every lordly demand. Only those who know English society can realize the prodigious distinction which this camaraderie conferred. The Prince is society. His nod can make; his faintest frown can crush. If he lays his hand, in a moment of familiar converse, upon the arm of almost any conceivable "Christopher," that gentleman is henceforth the object of untold flattery and envy. But the Prince is always cautious. He does not dispense the creation of great swells with half the prodigality that his mother shows in improvising baronets or knights. He knows whom he glorifies, and does not invest them with dizzying honors. In Christopher Sykes he trusted as a man of impervious discretion, and till the last he was never mistaken. Beset with adulation because of his master's amical treatment, Mr. Sykes forever departed himself with the silence of a sphinx and the discretion of a sage. His "memoirs," may one day see the light, but it is highly probable that they will not. The chances are that they do not exist. Utterly ordinary in statesmanship, utterly ordinary in everything except as a gentle and discriminating associate of royalty, he is lowered to his grave with regrets that will last an hour and memories that will hardly survive a year. If he had lived in other times, like Bentinck, he might have died an earl. If he had lived a few decades previous, a dukedom might have been handed to him like a cigarette. As it is, he passes with considerably less *fanfare*. For a moment his death has detained Fashion, however, in its endless dance. With the English aristocracy there is not a little distinction in having even been able to achieve this much.

Concerning the Prince's other friend, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, a most opposite view should be taken. He was not an English nobleman, as some persons have supposed, but the second son of a German Baron. He is said to have been richer than any of the Rothschilds, though this is probably untrue. The Rothschilds, *en masse*, may or may not be as rich as the Vanderbilts, but, unlike the latter, it is a hard thing to tell just who of them all is the richest. Baron Ferdinand, however, was rich enough to have owned a palace in every city of Europe if he had so chosen, and as it was he owned two, both magnificent, one in Buckinghamshire and one near Hyde Park Corner. Beside him Christopher Sykes was the merest lenchman to the Prince. In other days Baron de Rothschild would first have been liberally borrowed from, then robbed by the Crown of what was left, then have had a taste of the Tower and finally of the block. As it was, his chief reason for existence appears to have been amusing the Heir Apparent. If the Prince had said, "I want a blue rose," not only would "Ferdie" have had the world searched for one, but he would have implored Botany and Chemistry to become, if possible, its co-manufacturers. Not of distinguished appearance, being narrow-featured and thinly bearded, he had a habit of thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets and of walking with short steps. He suggested, so constantly did he keep on the move, being always in search of some one. Perhaps (who knows?) he was hunting for a man without a price—a fellow-creature whom even he had not gold enough to buy. If so, neither the success nor failure of his attempt has ever been recorded.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE DRAMA

AT THE Garrick Theatre Mrs. Leslie Carter and her new play, "Zaza," have made a whacking success. On the first night, after the great scene in the fourth act, Mrs. Carter was obliged to appear again and again, her face streaming with tears. Mr. David Belasco, her manager and the adapter from the French of her drama, had to make a speech in which he took occasion to describe "the broken-hearted woman" who had knelt at his feet ten years before and implored him to advise her. As direct and indirect consequences of his advice, Mrs. Leslie Carter has been acclaimed an actress as great as Bernhardt and Mr. Belasco has won enthusiastic applause as co-author of a play celebrated as a second "Camille."

In his speech Mr. Belasco took no merit to himself as adapter, but gave full credit for the piece to Berton and Simon, the French theatrical men who wrote it for Mme. Rejane; so, whatever may have been his other violations of taste, he showed some modesty. Besides, it is plain enough that he has considerably changed the original work. The last act, indeed, has been wholly rewritten. "Zaza" deals largely with the vulgar life of the provincial French music-halls. The singer herself, who gives the name to the piece, speaks almost wholly in slang, the untranslatable language. Mr. Belasco has tried to provide an equivalent in talk that smacks, now of London cockney, now of the Bowery, generally of the Bowery. Consequently, the woman never seems French. It would have been better to let her speak fairly straight English, with no suggestion of locality, breaking out now and then into her own speech. In fact, there is hardly one character in the whole work that gives the Gallic tang. The play opens behind the scenes of a vaudeville theatre. On one side the actors are seen, waiting to "go on" and chatting in groups, and on the other we have a view of Zaza's dressing-room. Those double scenes are hard to handle; they plainly betray the artifice of the stage and they distract attention. After the novelty of the scene wears away, the act falls very flat; at moments it seems dead. For a long time we watch Zaza "making-up," but we don't become really interested until she begins to exercise her fascinations on the stranger who has attracted her. But perhaps the less said about that situation the better; it is not edifying. At the close of the act, we know that Zaza has made a new conquest and we see her march saucily out on the stage to do her turn. We next encounter her in retirement, living with her lover. Her former partner in the show business, in order to persuade her to return to the stage, rouses her jealousy by declaring that he has seen her lover at a theatre in Paris with another woman. Zaza, distracted and thirsting for vengeance, goes at once to Paris to see that woman! In the third act we find her forcing an entrance into her lover's home. His wife is not there, but Zaza meets a child, who proves to be his child. Then follows one of the most maudlin and insincere episodes that I have ever witnessed. Zaza, touched by the child's prattle, decides, after all, not to make a scandal, but to depart in peace. As she is leaving she meets the mother of the child; but even then she does not break out or betray the real object of her visit; she isn't even "haughty." On her return home, in the fourth act, she has an impassioned scene with her lover in which she declares that she has not only invaded the sanctity of his home, but exposed to his wife his duplicity! Stung with rage, he upbraids her, showing by his language that, for all his protestations, he really has no respect for her. That scene is worked up with remarkable theatrical artifice. It begins quietly, grows stronger, and then up, up it mounts to the climax. Its intensity contrasts very finely with the subdued sim-



MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE AS THE TERMAGANT

plicity of the last act, where Zaza, after two years, has become a "great artist" at the Ambassadeurs in Paris. The famous French music-hall in the Champs Elysees is reproduced very realistically and prettily. As Zaza, richly arrayed in white, emerges from the theatre and walks slowly to her carriage, she is accosted by her former lover, just back from America and still hopelessly in love. She repulses him with the air of a stage duchess, gently, firmly and finally, with a great deal of sonorous language about the change that love has wrought in her heart, and at the close of the interview she steps into the carriage to drive away. In this act, Mr. Belasco seeks to allay any puritanical prejudices that may still exist in this country, and, as he probably believes, makes Zaza an example of noble womanhood. To accomplish this feat, he throws to the winds all consideration of common sense and wholesome morality. As a matter of fact, Zaza, vulgar and cheap in four acts, becomes, in the last act, a mass of affectation and cant.

The plan of the piece has, of course, great theatrical value, with effective situations in plenty. But save for the scene in the first act, already mentioned, it never gave me the impression of sincerity or more than merely surface power. The dialogue is feeble throughout, the efforts to achieve humor being particularly fatuous. The work is designed to be "realistic," but literature contains nothing so tedious as the "realism" that misses fire. Of genuine value as a drama or as a picture of life, the work has no merit whatever. However, it will doubtless occupy a conspicuous place on our stage for at least a couple of years. In these times, when actors are so much more important than plays, the whole country will want to see Mrs. Leslie Carter in the work that exploits her so marvellously. Well, Mrs. Carter is a remarkable actress. She made her first appearance on the stage in New York, a

mature woman, about eight years ago, in "The Ugly Duckling," by Mr. Belasco, and, though the piece failed, she astonished the public by her ability. She was next seen as the heroine in "Miss Helyett," adapted from the French by Mr. Belasco, and then she did some delicious comedy work. Her first great success, however, was not made till about three years ago, when she appeared in "The Heart of Maryland," written for her by Mr. Belasco. Here she showed extraordinary intensity and considerable finish, though her habit of chiselling out her words suggested that she had been a bit overtrained. That fault she has now overcome. At present Mrs. Carter retains all her former ability to express strenuous emotion; in fact, there is not another actress on our stage who could have played the last scene of the fourth act of "Zaza" with such a tumult of feeling. She is also delightful in comedy and in sudden expressions of petulance. But she fails utterly when she tries to be quietly serious and pathetic. In her scene with the child, for example, she was almost ridiculous, though it is only fair to say that she had to make ridiculous speeches. During the whole of the last act, too, she spoke with a sing-song monotony, like a chant, ending each sentence with a sharp or a flat. This is a very serious fault, but, in the case of an actress who tries so hard as Mrs. Carter evidently does, it ought not to be hard to remedy.

Of the other players, all of whom showed skill and good training, the most important work was done by Mr. Charles A. Stevenson, who was most commendably reserved as the lover; by Mr. Mark Smith, who made as much as could have been made out of Zaza's partner in art; and by Miss Marie Bates, who became suddenly famous a few years ago by her wonderful characterization of Mrs. Murphy in "Chimmie Fadden" and who did her best to put life into Zaza's bibulous aunt, a character which has lost in translation any humor and flavor it may have had in the original.

Miss Olga Nethersole, an English actress whose merits have already won warm recognition here, recently returned to New York in a "poetic" drama called "The Termagant," by Messrs. Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson. These two writers have had several plays produced in recent seasons, some of which have been well received, while others have met the swift failure they deserved. A few months ago "The Termagant" was tried in England and enthusiastically condemned by authoritative critics. Miss Nethersole evidently likes it, however, and believes in it, for she persists in keeping it in her repertory. The large audience which followed it on the night when I was present seemed to like it, too, fairly well; but it is hard to understand the moods of American audiences. I really believe our audiences are the politest in the world; they have no methods of disapproval, and they are invariably kind. Now, "The Termagant" is pretentious, preposterous and dull, telling in grandiloquent and uninspired language the story of a very conceited and precious princess and her love affair with a handsome young nobleman, ending in the disappointment and death of both. It enables Miss Nethersole, however, to wear several very beautiful costumes (which I refuse to describe), to blaze with jewels, to fall into a great many graceful postures, and to be coquettish, disdainful, proud, tender, impassioned—yes, at moments even magnificent. She is a beautiful woman, she has a voice which, if not particularly sweet, fills the theatre and is capable of many varieties of dramatic expression; she knows her art thoroughly, and she has temperament and fire. What a pity it is, then, that she should mar these qualities by a gross and almost sickening affectation. The other night her speech was so mannered that you might easily have fancied that she spoke with a foreign accent. Miss Nethersole is accompanied by a good support.

JOHN D. BARRY.



Miss Belknap

Edgar Hart

Mrs. Leslie Carter

Miss Winter

Mr. Stevenson

Miss Helen Tracy

MRS. LESLIE CARTER AND COMPANY IN "ZAZA" AT THE GARRICK THEATRE



VAN ROOY AS WOTAN



MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK

MME. LILLI LEHMANN
PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK

MISS MARIE ENGLE



MME. MARIE BREMA

The photographs of Miss Engle, Mme. Brema, Van Rooy, and Van Dyck are copyrighted by Aimé Dupont, New York



VAN DYCK AS SIGMUND

AT THE OPERA

THE week which includes two appearances of Jean de Reszke, the farewell of Melba, and the beginning of the most important production of Wagner's Cycle which this work has received in America must needs be a "red-letter" week in musical circles in New York. "Lohengrin," the first performance of the operas in which De Reszke appeared, has never before been given with so remarkable a cast. The great Polish tenor is not an ideal Lohengrin; he is too palpably a great singer and expends his thought upon vocalism rather than upon his playing. In M. de Reszke's impersonation one misses the slender grace of Dippel as the young knight, even while conscious of the perfect aural delight the maturer singer is affording, just as one misses the girliness of other Elsas while recognizing the rich reading of the part by Mme. Nordica, whose intelligent comprehension of her work seems to gain added breadth with each appearance this artist makes. But when the cast includes a really great Ortrud, such as Frau Schumann-Heink has proved herself to be, and David Bispham as Telramund, the performance must be recorded as an altogether unique one. Frau Schumann-Heink's voice is a fine contralto, with clear high tones, rich low ones, and with no intermediate break. She sings without effort and is an actress of genuine power. The new singer has not created a furore, even though the dearth of contraltos during the present season leaves her almost without competitors; but she has won an immediate recognition as a singer possessing a fine voice and rare technique. The famous quintet in the first act was excellently rendered by De Reszke, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Schumann-Heink, Edouard de Reszke, and David Bispham. On the occasion of De Reszke's next appearance a very remarkable demonstration of Melba's popularity took place. The two great artists, who had been singing Faust and Marguerite for the last time during the present season, were cheered to the echo by the music-mad audience. At the close of the opera both artists were called before the curtain again and again, until, finally, to appease the clamoring of their admirers, a piano was brought upon the platform and Melba, seating herself at the keyboard, sang Tosti's "Matinata." Even after this the enthusiasm

showed no signs of abating until the laughing prima donna, long since deserted by the famous tenor, put an end to this remarkable demonstration by bidding the throng a positive "Good-night!"

Opera-goers in New York and its environs have long held in anticipation the Wagnerian Cycle, the first instalment of which was given on the 12th inst. On this occasion the Metropolitan Opera House was not crowded, but a very large audience, composed of well-known local musicians, a few of the more serious-minded society people, and music-lovers from suburban points listened with close attention to "Das Rheingold," the one-act opera that holds the key to the rest of Wagner's Tetralogy. Some listened because the dragon's blood of knowledge (to use a Wagnerian metaphor) had touched their lips and given them an acquaintance with the composer's intricate meaning denied to the uninitiated, and others because the magnetism which the German composer exercised so powerfully during his lifetime still afflicts musical weaklings as mysteriously as the dead Svengali's picture appealed to Trilby. There is no epicureanism among those addicted to the Wagner habit. They gulp down large doses of inexcusable discord along with occasional masterly harmonies and have no consciousness of the differing flavors. That explains why "Das Rheingold" arouses as much enthusiasm in the true Wagnerian follower as does "Die Walküre" or "Tristan and Isolde." The score contains almost no intrinsic value. It is an interweaving of multiplied sounds and mechanical devices, interesting enough to contemplate occasionally because the quaint story of the Rhine gold is replete with the attractions which all the world finds in childhood's fairy stories. Large portions of large volumes have been devoted to proving not merely the worthiness of this Wagnerian study, but its superiority; yet these have as much weight with the clear-brained student as has the famed sermon written upon the text of "Old Mother Hubbard." The truest music of "Das Rheingold" is the opening note, deep, sustained, advancing, receding like a fairy horn summoning the listener into gnomeland. There are some powerful bits within the opera, but for the most part it is a shapeless conglomeration of musical experimenting. Only when regarded strictly as a chaos out of which the succeeding plays of the Trilogy are to presently emerge does "Das Rheingold" meet the ex-

pectation and assume a value. From a dramatic standpoint it is a harlequinade of a poor sort. Wagner's thought of providing each of his *personae* with characteristic music which should thereafter label them so that at a given swirl of the violins, the beating of the drums or the blowing of the horns the approach of some special person so described is heralded, degenerates into buffoonery when used to characterize such ridiculous creatures as the giants Fasolt and Fafner, who stomp about in clumsy footgear (boxes, apparently, covered with fur) which are plainly too heavy for the giants' comfort and remind one of the trick children sometimes indulge in surreptitiously, of tying up the family cat's paws in clumsy paper bags. Any self-respecting man (to say nothing of demi-boys) who would run away from lumbering giants whose highest rate of speed could never attain to more than a quarter of a mile an hour would be exceedingly silly. In the opera these two heavy-footed individuals enter with musical instruments thumping time for them in a way scarcely to be tolerated in a Haulon spectacular play; yet, as it isn't proper to laugh while viewing a Wagnerian production, even a snicker at such absurd and palpable devices as are here resorted to (with a view to emphasizing the ferocious characters of these inoffensive and furry giants), will cause a sudden hiss among the indignant devotees who, absorbed in hunting guiding themes, have not seen the joke and resent the thought of such sacrilege in others.

The score of "Das Rheingold," the first of the series of music dramas which comprise "Der Ring des Nibelungen," is scarcely more than mediocre and its dramatic possibilities inconsiderable; but to offset this the man who is responsible for the clouds of steam did his work well. They were very excellent clouds indeed, and hissed with absolute fidelity to (steam) nature as shown at Bayreuth. As much may not be said of the realism of the Rhine gold itself, which rested on the point of the rock like a huge red tomato, with no glint of tempting, yellow gold about it. Said one fair listener in utmost disappointment as Alberich snatched the treasure from its resting-place: "Is that the gold? I thought it was a little red sun!"—upon which she was promptly hissed by those about her whose trained eyes knew Wagnerian gold when they saw it.

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In "Das Rheingold" there are few voice parts of value and scarcely any melody, unless one may accept the music of the Rhine maidens, and this was less attractive than it might have been, owing to the weak work of Franklin Pevny as Woglinde. Frau Schumann-Heink sang the music of Erda with impressiveness and also the Flosshilde music of the Rhine maidens' trio. Marie Brema, ample as Ceres, sang the part of Fricka smoothly but without special coloring. Marie Engle, as Freia, the goddess of love and beauty, was so attractive a picture that one wondered how Wotan could have dreamed of sacrificing so fair a creature even for a Walhallian castle, and the small singing part that fell to this artist's lot was acceptably done. More than this may not be said of any of the singers engaged in the opera. The music of Wotan in "Das Rheingold" is labored and mediocre, and Herr van Rooy in no way distinguished himself above his associates in the cast. The part lacked the impressiveness with which this artist has invested it in later operas of the series. As Froh, Andreas Dippel was, as he always is, fresh-voiced and poetic, and at all times made a handsome picture. Ernest van Dyck, although bringing spirit and life upon the stage from the moment of his first entrance, again showed his incapacity for the lucid development of a character. As in all former performances, he offers a *melange*, which in the present instance blends the tricky ways of Puck with the make-up of Mephistopheles and results in a nondescript performance which is conspicuously without form and void of meaning. His playing of Loge shows much misdirected thought and study. By far the best work in "Das Rheingold" is that done by David Bispham, whose performance of Alberich, the misshapen gnome, consumed by his lust of power, his love of the Rhine gold, and his Tarnhelm, yet shorn of them all by the power of Wotan and the trickery of Loge, the fire god, is exceedingly strong. Mr. Bispham is unfailingly sincere in his work. He does not slight the dramatic necessities to perfect his singing, nor does he sacrifice vocalism to mere theatricals, but he judiciously unites both elements. Herr Meffert as Mime and MM. Muhlmann and Pringle sang such music well as fell to their share.

The *mise en scene* offered fewer novelties than might have been expected, but the innovations were such as greatly enhanced the scenic beauty of the production. Much of the scenery was new, and the mechanical devices would make a child's eyes open wide with wonder. The floating of the three Rhine daughters was so skillfully managed as to make the motion appear voluntary on the part of the singers, with no intrusive wires or apparent mechanism to mar the effect, and the rainbow in the last act was thoroughly realistic. Let us hope it was an augury of better things to come in the succeeding dramas.

OUR FIRST NAVAL REGATTA IN CUBA

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

HAVANA, Jan. 8, 1899

IT IS a characteristic American trait to make light of gloom. After we had taken possession of Havana with due solemnity, and had hoisted our biggest flag over Morro Castle with all its horrors, we proceeded to celebrate after our own manner.

On January 6, the Spanish holiday of El Dios de Reyes, the harbor of Havana was opened as an American port. The sailors of the American men-of-war and transports in the harbor held a regatta, and Captain Sigbee received their guests on board the Texas. The course lay between the wreck of the battleship Maine and the Morro.

Officers from the Brooklyn, Texas, Resolute, and Arethusa formed the racing committee. All the races covered a distance of two miles, starting and finishing at the anchor of the Texas, lying abreast of the Maine, with the outlet of the harbor at the Morro for a turning-point. Lieutenants Bristol and Littlefield of the Texas and Lieutenant Doyle of the Brooklyn were the judges.

The first race was between a crew of marines from the Brooklyn, with Sergeant Stevens as coxswain, and a crew of Texas marines, with Sergeant Franklin at the tiller ropes. The Brooklyn marines led from the start and won by nearly half a dozen boat-lengths. Very little money was won or lost on the event, for, as Captain Sigbee explained to me, they were "only marines." One of his sailors expressed the same thing differently when he remarked: "They don't count. You know,

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them fellers ain't sailors. They only walk around with guns and stand guard."

The second race was for captains' gigs. Much money was wagered on this event, for the able seamen of the Brooklyn and Texas had received their pay but recently. Five crews had entered from the Texas, Brooklyn, Resolute, Arethusa, and Libonite. The Brooklyn's gig started well and soon forged ahead. After keeping the lead for about three hundred yards she was fouled by a fishing-boat and did not succeed in disentangling herself until two other boats had passed her. The Arethusa then took the lead and kept it until the end. The race finished with the gigs in the following order: Arethusa, Resolute, Brooklyn, Texas, and Libonite. The winners got a handsome silver cup from a fund of two hundred and fifty dollars subscribed by the officers of the fleet.

The third event was a contest between the firemen crews of the Brooklyn and Texas. It was a race in which the engineers' staffs of both vessels took especial interest. The Brooklyn firemen won by a full fifteen boat-lengths, and the victors were hailed by several unearthly blasts from the steam-whistle of the flagship.

Two crews from the Brooklyn and Texas then vied with each other in dingies. The bluejackets of both vessels regarded this race as a contest of seamanship rather than strength, and much money, therefore, was wagered on it. The Brooklyn boys won by nearly half a mile, and Captain Sigsbee went below to console himself with a glass of punch.

For the last event—a cutter race—the bankers of Havana had offered a five-hundred-dollar cup. In addition to this the bluejackets of the Texas made up a purse of five hundred dollars and placed it on their ten crack oarsmen coached by Coxswain Watts. When the Texas cutter came in with a lead of barely two lengths, pandemonium broke loose on the Texas. The white-clad sailors who had acted the part of men before Santiago now turned into so many children, hugging each other and waltzing around the deck.

Captain Sigsbee, who had been leaning far over the rail, straightened up and lost no time in edging his way to the nearest Cuban señorita.

"We have won the race!" said he.

The Cuban girl only cast him a languorous glance and smiled.

"We have won the race!" shouted Captain Sigsbee, using his hand for a megaphone.

"Good-by, orlite," answered the señorita, with a winning smile.

"You must say 'Congratulations,'" protested the bewildered captain, and he repeated the long word over and over again as if he were teaching a parrot.

At last a gleam of intelligence seemed to come into the girl's eyes and she exclaimed joyfully, "Good-morning."

"It's no use talking to these people," said Captain Sigsbee, in a genial aside; "but, just the same, we won the race."

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.

LITERATURE

DREAM DAYS. By KENNETH GRAHAME. New York: John Lane.

POEMS. By ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. New York: John Lane.

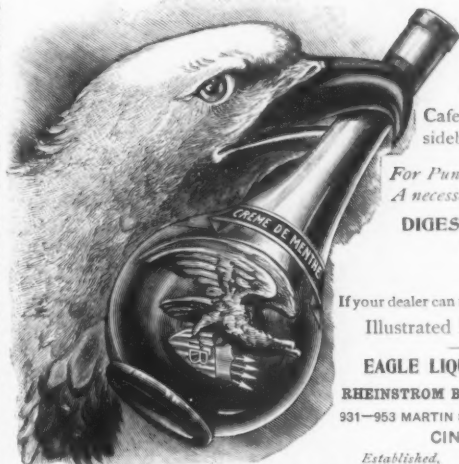
The life of children in English country houses of a quarter-century back is depicted for us in a set of delightful little sketches, in the form of stories, by Kenneth Grahame. These are real children, with a supreme contempt for the insane doings of grown-ups and a suspicion of evil intention concerning relations. Their ingenuous frankness satirizes many of the ways of formal society, and after all spanking and pranking, squabbling and squawling are done, there remains genuine affection, truthfulness, sturdiness, generosity, and altogether sound and healthy hearts. "The Reluctant Dragon," one of the stories, will win the author new friends, and confirm his talent in the opinion of those who read "The Golden Age." That and "Dream Days" are sweet little books.

HERE is another Coleridge—but only by name. By nature, and by his works, the new Coleridge is not a patch upon the old. In favor of Ernest Hartley Coleridge, we can say that he has command of various forms of versification; that melodious measures come easily to him; that his lyrical pieces have the charm of innocence and freshness and grace; that he has paid attention to the classic poets of antiquity. But, oh! the things that Ernest Hartley Coleridge is and has not! He has no fire, no power, no individual persuasions and ways of expression. He wants definiteness and purpose; he lacks fancy and imagery; he is never daring, never picturesque, never splendid, and never fascinating. Not one of his poems is grand, nor even fine. This contribution of his to literature will soon pass away into the shades of oblivion.

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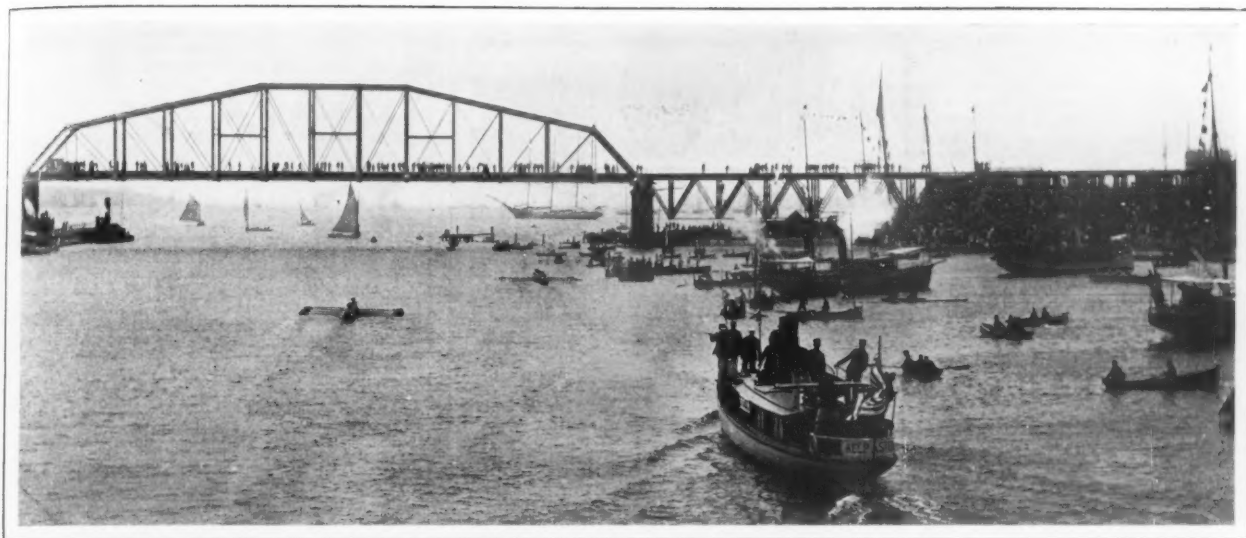
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NEW LONDON COURSE, LOOKING SOUTH

ANNOUNCEMENT

This Department will publish every other week a special article by an expert on some particular branch of Amateur Sport. ICE-HOCKEY, by C. E. Patterson, and CANADIAN FOOTBALL, by Edward Bayly, have already appeared. The following articles in the series are arranged for and will be profusely illustrated:

BOATING PROBLEMS, by Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Cornell.
MODERN FOOTBALL DEVELOPMENT, by Cameron Forbes, Harvard.

SPORT AT ANNAPOLIS, by Paul Dashiell.
WEST POINT FOOTBALL, by Harmon S. Graves.
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH POLO, ITS RELATION TO CAVALRY CAMPS, by H. L. Herbert, Chairman of the Polo Association.

TRAINING SPRINTERS, by M. C. Murphy, trainer Yale track team.

GOLF FOR WOMEN, by Lillian Brooks.
ELIGIBILITY AND COLLEGE ATHLETICS, by Professor Wilfred H. Munro, Brown University.
AMERICAN CRICKET, by Geo. S. Patterson, Philadelphia.

ON THE FAR NORTH SHORE, A STORY OF TROUT, by W. S. Harwood.
MIDDLE WEST ATHLETICS, by A. A. Stagg.

(Next week—SPORT AT ANNAPOLIS, by Paul Dashiell.)

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

A rough sort of justice has brought it about that the final winners of last year's rowing contests should hold the position of really determining the main point of this year's rowing question; namely, whether Cornell will continue to be a third contestant in the Yale-Harvard annual race.

Pennsylvania will undoubtedly carry the greatest weight in naming the place for this year's race.

Should Pennsylvania determine upon Poughkeepsie, which is not improbable, and Yale and Harvard stick to their New London course, which is practically settled by their agreement, Cornell would have to put two crews on the water or cease to be represented in one or the other of these two races. On the other hand, should Pennsylvania elect the New London course, the temptation to Cornell to accept the Harvard-Yale invitation would be irresistible.

It is generally supposed that Cornell is bound by an agreement to row with Pennsylvania and Columbia, but I understand that the terms of this new association do not oblige any one of the members to enter a crew in any year save at their own option, and that Harvard, Yale, or any other university that should join the association could thereafter row in its regattas or stay away without forfeiting the rights of membership. This will not, however, in any way affect Cornell's policy this year, for they will row in that regatta. Whatever the provisions of the association, Cornell would choose to row in the regatta where they were defeated last season.

In the event of there being a race at Poughkeepsie and one at New London, in both of which Cornell would be welcome, the possibility of Cornell putting two crews upon the water does not look particularly rosy and might give rise to unpleasant complications. If Cornell won both races, as she has shown herself capable of doing at times in the past, everything would be satisfactory. But if one of her two crews should win and the other lose, Cornell and her comrades in both races would become involved in everlasting discussions as to the merits of all the crews and the conditions would so affect the time as to make the records of little value as a determining mark of superiority.

There is one impression that has obtained regarding the boating negotiations of this winter that should be corrected. I have heard it stated that Yale did not care to have anything to do with Cornell, and, as evidence of that fact, was the carrying on of all the negotiations by Harvard. The truth of this is that Yale would be most pleased to have Cornell once more in the New London race, and, Harvard wishing this too, it was only a matter of convenience to Cornell that one or the other should undertake the correspondence and

obviate the difficulties that would be experienced if Cornell were put in the position of dealing with two parties at the same time. It is easy to see that both Captain Higginson and Captain Allen want Cornell in the race, and the reason is simple enough. Both Yale and Harvard have been beaten by Cornell at Poughkeepsie and at New London. As the matter stands now, Yale and Harvard have in a race with Cornell absolutely nothing to lose and a possibility of everything to gain. Cornell, on her side, can add but little to her glory by once again defeating the blue and the crimson, while to be beaten by either would materially lessen Cornell's prestige.

The policy of each university has, however, been laid down and consistently followed. When the Harvard-Yale disagreement separated the two, Harvard entered into a temporary agreement with Cornell. The last year of that agreement coincided with the first of the renewal of the Yale-Harvard races. Harvard was therefore bound to row Cornell, and Cornell wanted Poughkeepsie. Yale consented to go there for one year and become a third party in the Harvard-Cornell race in order to make it possible for Harvard to preserve her position and yet resume fairly the old relations. Being beaten by Cornell, both considered that an invitation should be extended to Cornell to again take part in the Harvard-Yale event. Yale and Harvard are following out their proper course in rowing their races at New London, and to pursue their victors to Saratoga or Poughkeepsie or any other place for the sake of securing a balm to their injured feelings by sometime winning would be subversive of the established views of sport at both institutions. Cornell is doing her duty by her older friends, Pennsylvania and Columbia. Cornell has stood for this at her own expense upon occasion—last year, for example. Hence the only chance of giving Cornell an opportunity of rowing Harvard and Yale seems to narrow down to Pennsylvania deciding to bring the Columbia-Cornell-Pennsylvania contest to the Thames and letting the rest adjust itself.

In giving the list of All-America teams for a number of years past in a recent issue it was my intention to state that the selections were those of Mr. Caspar Whitney in "Harper's Weekly."



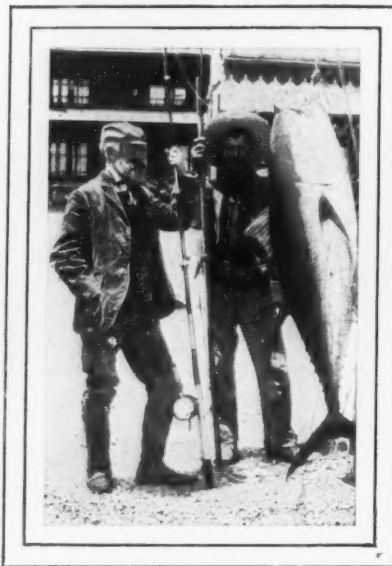
NEW LONDON COURSE ABOVE THE START—YALE CREW OF '98 IN FOREGROUND

rowing The boating situation begins already to become interesting. By the articles of their five-year agreement, Harvard and Yale must row each other. But will Cornell be once more an invited guest at that race? That she will be invited goes without saying; but what will come of the invitation? That makes a more involved question. Under certain conditions Cornell will undoubtedly accept, but those conditions will be such as to enable her to row another race—namely, that with Columbia and Pennsylvania—without jeopardizing her chances of victory. Last year Cornell defeated Yale and Harvard at New London, but in the later race at Saratoga was beaten by Pennsylvania. This convinced Cornell rowing authorities that two such races in a season made a combination not to be courted by any crew. It also impressed them with the belief that to row those two races close together in point of time and far apart in point of courses was beyond the ability of even an exceptional eight. Hence the problem becomes more complicated than it was a year or two ago. One solution has already been offered, suggested very likely by Mr. Courtney's plan initiated two years ago in having two separate crews and keeping those two crews up throughout the season. This would involve the development and training of a crew to row four miles in the Harvard-Yale race and another to row three miles in the Columbia-Pennsylvania contest. That Courtney's ability to make oarsmen is quite up to this task no one who has followed the history of athletics at Ithaca can doubt. Cornell would prefer a single race with all her rivals entered—such, for instance, as a six-cornered race upon the Hudson. It is doubtful if this can be brought about. Cornell has consistently championed the cause of general boating, and is to be complimented upon that course; but the days of the old regattas, where fouling was almost the rule, are not likely to be brought in again with the consent of the two who withdrew. The whole situation is peculiar, and there has been much printed that has tended to pervert the views and stimulate the prejudices of all parties.

It has been stated that Cornell has formally notified Yale that unless contests are inaugurated in other athletic branches between the two universities Cornell will not consent to row Yale again. The Cornell authorities have issued no such ultimatum, nor have those highest in authority at that university any desire to secure contests in highwayman-fashion. If a race can be arranged under conditions that offer Cornell a satisfactory opportunity of contesting with Yale and Harvard as well as her other two rivals, no question of other athletic contests will enter into the matter.

There has been some suggestion of shortening the Yale-Harvard race to three miles in order to make it like the Cornell-Pennsylvania-Columbia match. It has been stated that O'Dea's influence is bearing upon that side because his stroke is better adapted for a three-mile contest. I doubt very much if this be founded upon truth, for O'Dea's record is too good for such tactics. He can teach watermanship, and the man who can do that has no reason to fear a long race. Furthermore, it would be a pity to break the continuity of four-mile eight-oared shell racing that has given us annual records for so many years. The tendency of all our athletics is too much toward change, toward attempted legislation for special immediate ends. There is no more wholesome treatment of many of our problems than to make it traditionally impossible for any management to change existing arrangements to suit one crew or the other. We are no nation of weeklings, and what our English cousins have stood in the Oxford-Cambridge races since before we were born we can stand. Nor am I sure that a three-mile or two-mile race would be any easier upon the contestants.

I see that Miller, the winner of the six-day bicycle championship race in New York, stated very conclusively that a seventy-two-hour race was a far harder contest than a six-day race. All those familiar with track athletics recognize the fact that as a rule the one-mile, or in English contests the three-mile, is not as severe a strain upon a man as the half or the quarter. But all this is subject for expert opinion and discussion,



"THE KING OF THE TUNA FISH"
Weight, 183 lbs. Height, 6 feet. Girth, 4 feet.

THE TUNA CLUB of Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, includes a membership of some three hundred gentlemen, representing nearly every city in the Union. To become an active member of the Tuna Club one must have qualified by taking a one-hundred-pound tuna with rod and reel. That the tuna excels the tarpon in fighting strength the limited number of men qualified for this active membership attests. There are but twenty-four such members. Among them are W. G. Campbell of New York, who has taken a tuna of one hundred and forty pounds; W. C. Arnot of Elmira, N. Y., a 148-pounder; Clifford R. Scudder of St. Louis, a 130-pounder; Fitch Dewey, a famous angler of Toledo, a 136-pounder; Colonel C. P. Morehouse of Newport, R. I., a 150-pounder; F. V. Rider of New York, a 103-pounder; J. M. Studebaker of South Bend, Ind., a 115-pounder; and T. S. Manning of Philadelphia a 105-pounder. The tuna caught by the president of the club weighed one hundred and eighty-three pounds, and was landed after a contest of four hours, during which the fish towed the boat eight or ten miles. The fish made a remarkable rush of several hundred feet, then turned and came back like an arrow; when within thirty feet of the boat it again turned and rushed away, taking six hundred feet of line and towing the boat nearly a mile out to sea before it could be turned; then in a single rush as far back again.

After three hours of this, during which the fish had never been brought nearer than fifty feet of the boat, the tuna made a rush and towed the boat over three miles to Avalon Bay, where it was finally brought to gaff four hours after the strike. The fish was six feet in length and nearly four in girth. The rod used weighed about twenty-seven ounces; the line was a 21-strand Cuttyhunk, which some anglers use for black bass and trout.

S. E. UFFORD.

and when the matter becomes so much in doubt that there are opinions both ways, it seems a mistake to go in for innovations. Then, too, there are a good many of us who hope some time to see an English college crew rowing against an American college crew, on the

English Thames or the American Thames or the Hudson River, to see which can cover the four miles faster. Any material change in the distance might prove a hitch if the time ever comes when such a thing is possible.

The Cornell problem is not the only one that at present excites the rowing college public. The question of coaches is an even more pressing one; for a race may be arranged at almost any time, but a coach to make a success next summer must have his crew in hand at once. Cornell and Pennsylvania are already provided with professional coaches. Harvard has recently secured O'Dea, the former professional coach of the Wisconsin crew. The work of his men in their Eastern visits in the past, and especially the exceedingly creditable performance they made under adverse conditions at Saratoga last year, shows that he is fully competent, and I fancy he will aid Harvard in points of rigging and watermanship very materially. Yale and Columbia are, up to the present writing, not provided with coaches, and there is a good deal of questioning as to what course they will determine upon. The former is not likely to go outside of graduate coaches. The latter is hanging in the balance between a graduate coach and a professional. The problem at both institutions involves a great deal and will probably determine the course of future managements at the two universities for some years. At New Haven the departure of Mr. Cook has left the undergraduate captain face to face with the rather uninviting question of precedence among the former Yale boating men. This was formerly not the case, for Yale has been particularly strong until within the last few years in securing the assistance of any and all of her graduates as coaches in the various branches of sports. But this cohesion has been gradually dissolving itself; and not in boating alone, but in the other sports, the number of men available as graduate coaches and the amount of time any of them can devote to the athletic interests of the university have grown steadily less. Mr. Cook devoted all his time last year to the Yale crew. This is more than any coach, even Mr. Cook himself, has been able to do for Yale for a long time. Captain Allen is therefore on the lookout for some man or men who can take hold of the crew with him and carry them through the season.

At Columbia there was a somewhat similar condition of affairs as this, but recently the issue was decided by the appointment of Mr. Peet.

All these conditions are especially interesting as likely to affect the stroke rowed in the college boat races of 1899. Captain Higginson and Mr. Storror have issued a signed statement in which they give it as their opinion, approved by O'Dea, that all the college crews, with the exception of the University of Pennsylvania, are practically endeavoring to row the same kind of a stroke. While not inclined to doubt their belief in this matter, the opinion hardly coincides with what has been Mr. Courtney's position as to Cornell rowing the same stroke now that she rowed before her visit to England, nor would one take it as settled that the stroke as Wisconsin and Columbia rowed it in the last two years would be classed as the same as that attempted by Harvard. It is probable, however, that the gist of the statement and what it really was intended to convey is that a majority of the college crews have in the past few years become more impressed with the value of the body swing which the visit of Mr. Lehman and the presence at the Henley regattas of Cornell and Yale has tended to import into American rowing.

Whatever the final results in the way of strokes, and in spite of the attempts in some quarters to get up a feeling based on the cry of the "English stroke versus the American stroke," there is no question about the fact that boating interests and boating quality have both improved very materially among the American colleges during the last few years. In addition to this, however, it will take a few years more before opinions crystallize and some years after that before the American school of rowing reaches the point where all the theories have been tested, the bad features eliminated, and the good ones made second nature.

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